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THE BEAUTIFUL ONE.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

When the frost first glitters on window and roof,
  And the last leaf flutters from oak and elm,
And the gray rocks loom in their shrouds aloof,
  Like the giant ghosts of a ruined realm,
Then my soul strains out to the proud head-stone,
Where under is laid the Beautiful One.

The spirit of Spring was abroad over all,
  Like a green-winged bird with a ruby crest,
When the stately funeral wound from the Hall,
  And they lowered her down to her regal rest,
And the costly sepulture rites were done
O'er the proud cold breast of the Beautiful One.

And they never knew whose the humble hand
  That stealthily planted the rare, rich bloom,
Which the soul of the season, with radiant wand,
  Called up to gladden the grand proud tomb;
As they never had guessed that the gardener's son
Had dared to look up to the Beautiful One.

But the worm you crush with a heedless heel
  May coil at the stem of the passion-flower;
The catterpillar may thrill, and feel
  The gold-winged butterfly's magic power,
As she quivers, a-tilt, in the Royal Sun;
Why not *he*, in the glance of the Beautiful One?

Among them all, in his hodden-gray,
  Bareheaded he stood on that morn of Spring,
Unheeded—but God saw his heart bleed away
  With its grand high grief that was worthy a king;
In the lordly mourners he stood alone—
His heart entombed with the Beautiful One.

Do *their* souls strain out to her now, in her trance,
  Like his, the weird, death-white frost world through?
There was music last night at the Hall, and dance,
  And the coaches were thick in the avenue.
With my kingly grief I am left alone,
And for evermore sleeps the Beautiful One.

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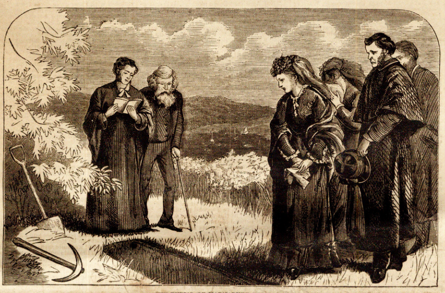

THE BURIAL OF MARMADUKE ERISTOUN.

THE BROADACRES TRAGEDY; OR, The Irrevocable Promise.

By CARLOTTA KINGSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF NO. 27," "FILIPPO, THE BANDIT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOONLIGHT MEETING.

> A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
> Framed in the prodigality of Nature,
> Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
> The spacious world cannot again afford.
> RICHARD III.

The lengthening shadows of a June twilight lay still and gray upon the earth as the lone *cortège*, which had fulfilled its mission in the quiet cemetery upon the hill-side, took its slow way back to the manor-house of Broadacres.

Marmaduke Eristoun had been laid to rest by tender, almost kindred hands; for the descendants of those yeomen who had accompanied the first proprietor from over the sea, were the bearers who had lowered the last into his grave.

The orphaned daughter stood beside his narrow home until the last clod hid him from her sight, and then, with a heavy, foreboding heart, she turned away.

She walked alone, and unsupported by her cousin's arm, for that assistance she had gently yet firmly declined. Since the morning when they had stood together beside her father's bier, she had been conscious of a growing aversion to her destined husband, and though she battled against it with all the strength of *his* character, it was still too strong for her to resist.

Walter Manning had remarked her changed manner, and though he seemed to ignore it when in her presence, his brow clouded and he set his teeth firmly together when he was alone.

The villagers and the neigboring gentry respectfully accompanied the orphaned heiress of Broadacres to her own door, upon their return from performing the last sad rites for its departed master, and there they bade her a silent, mournful farewell, dispersing to their own homes, while Agatha retired for a while to indulge the sad thoughts which the occasion prompted.

She was aroused from her mournful reflections by a tap upon her door, and a respectful plea from her cousin that she would grant him an audience in the library.

Thinking as deeply as she had been during the last hour of her father's dying moments, and of the solemn promise he had exacted from her, her heart was softened, so that for a time her strange aversion to her betrothed had become quieted.

She complied with his request, therefore, with readiness, and it was not many moments before she stood beside him in the spacious library, which, commanding as it did a wide prospect over the plains and uplands of Broadacres, was the former master's favorite resort, while within the apartment there were evidences on every hand of its recent occupant.

Walter Manning had been pacing the floor with impatient strides and an ominous frown upon his brow, but when his cousin entered the frown melted away beneath a courteous smile, and leading her to a cushioned seat in the wide, deep window, he said:

"Have I again been guilty of an intrusion upon your privacy, Agatha? If so, I must speedily explain the occasion. The mail bag which arrived this morning I had not the heart to open, and so deferred that duty until a few moments ago. Among the letters from England I found this directed to me in your father's handwriting. Upon examining it I found that it reached England a day after my departure, and as the cover denoted it to be a letter of some importance, my confidential clerk immediately forwarded it to my address here. Coming as it does at this moment, it seems like a voice from the dead, and as it concerns you equally with myself, I have begged your presence here that you also may become acquainted with its contents."

Thus saying, he unfolded a letter which he held in his hand, and offering it to his cousin, watched her narrowly while she read it.

As Walter Manning had said, it was written in her father's hand, and was dated at Broadacres a month previously. It was addressed to the writer's "Dear and Honored Nephew," and after the first preliminary remarks relating to matters of minor importance, a subject was broached which had evidently been frequently and minutely discussed between them in their correspondence.

The lines seemed to burn beneath Agatha's eyes as she read:

"My failing health, dear Walter, makes me more and more anxious that the plans I have so frequently spoken with you about should be brought to a speedy fulfillment. I have already dispatched a messenger to France for Agatha, and I have every reasonable expectation of seeing her here within a month.

"My physicians believe that my disease will not terminate fatally for months to come, *unless* some complication should arise, and it is in view of such an occurrence that I now urge you to hasten your preparations and sail for America as soon as possible. I would not make this request, seemingly so bold, being as it is in my daughter's behalf, did I not fully understand the sentiments which you entertain toward her. I am more anxious than I can express that your marriage with her should take place before my death, for of late I have been tormented with a nameless yet palpable horror, the nature of which your knowledge of our family will enable you to fully understand. Agatha must not be exposed to dangers with which her years and sex would not enable her to cope, and for this reason, Walter, pray hasten to my side. To your love and protection I confide the greatest treasure I possess, assured that in each other you will both find unalloyed happiness.

"There is but one thing which I fear will throw an obstacle in your way, and that is, your unconquerable pride of independence. Overcome those foolish sentiments, Walter; in this instance they are unworthy of you. My daughter has been taught to look upon wealth as a secondary consideration to principle, and should her riches prove a bar to your union, I could wish that fortune's blessings had been denied her, that your foolish whims regarding equality might be humored.

"I cannot close my letter without a few words of counsel and appeal. Should it not be the will of Providence that we should meet again in the flesh; should my death occur before you arrive in America, do not, I implore you, defer your marriage a single day. I understand Agatha sufficiently well to know that she will not oppose my dying wishes, and besides, through our correspondence, I feel that she has already learned to regard you with more than a cousinly feeling.

"Even over my corpse let your marriage vows be spoken. It may be that a knowledge of the act would be vouchsafed me, and Heaven itself would seem a more blest abode in consequence.

"My words are urgent and powerful, for even as I write, the nameless fear of which I have spoken is drawing closer about me, and a prophetic outlook into the future causes me to adjure you by everything you hold most sacred to heed my last, my dying request.

"Your affectionate and confiding uncle,
"MARMADUKE ERISTOUN."

A solemn stillness fell upon the spirit of Agatha when she had finished reading this letter. To her, also, it seemed like an echo from the grave, and though once loth to obey its mandate, she now no longer harbored the thought of refusal, but passive and apathetic, waited for her cousin to speak.

Could she have looked into his face, she would have been spurred to a different determination, and she might well have questioned the wisdom of her father's choice, for the basilisk eyes which were fixedly regarding her had but little tenderness in their determined gaze. Though riveted upon her countenance, they seemed reviewing scenes and problems far away, and around the firm mouth there hovered a half smile of triumph.

'Twas but for a few seconds that Walter Manning thus allowed himself to indulge in thought, for directly assuming all the devotion of a lover, he took his cousin's hand and said:

"Agatha, you have read your father's request. Doubtless it but recalls words of similar import which he has addressed to yourself, and the recollection of a promise I once pledged is mated with a like vow of your own. Neither can I forget that the morning following my arrival at Broadacres my hopes were happily strengthened by your own words; so I feel that in soliciting their fulfillment now, I am at once seeking to assure my own happiness and the repose of your father's spirit. It was his wish that nothing should delay our union; will you not consent to its immediate consummation?"

He leaned eagerly forward and awaited her reply with breathless interest.

It came without reserve, for with her father's last letter still in her hand, it seemed as though his spirit was hovering near, also impatiently awaiting her reply.

"Let the ceremony be performed to-morrow. I shall be prepared at ten in the morning."

Her cousin raised her hand to his lips, and then, intuitively dreading a revival of feelings which he clearly saw had only been quieted by the events of the past few hours, he wisely quitted her presence upon some specious pretext.

For a long time after he quitted the room, Agatha sat silent and immovable. Her hands were listlessly clasped upon her lap; her beautiful eyes were absently fixed upon the calm shadows which the moonlight threw upon the lawn before the window, yet it cannot be said that she was aware of anything save a dull, leaden sense of pain which weighed upon her heart.

She feared to awaken thought, so she permitted herself to slowly drift along with the current of inane reflection, at one moment doubtful if she were awake, and the next painfully aware that the dreams which dimly haunted her were not to be dissipated by a return to active consciousness.

Gradually, however, her thoughts took a more definite form, and slowly they recurred to those strange experiences which she still remembered with horror, when, standing beside her father's remains, she had mutely questioned his still, troubled face.

But as though these memories had now become sinful for her to harbor, she quickly arose to her feet, and after pacing the floor for several moments with agitated footsteps, she approached the window and stepped forth upon the lawn.

It was her intention merely to take a few turns upon the moonlit terrace, and then, with her nerves quieted by the exercise, to return to the house and seek the rest she so much needed; but the beauty of the evening tempted her beyond the limits of the terrace, and almost unconsciously she found herself at the park gates, where they opened upon the road leading to the neighboring village of Eristoun.

Looking down the pleasant road she longed to continue her walk, but considering the lateness of the hour, she was about returning to the house, when a cold object touched her hand which hung listlessly at her side.

Starting with momentary alarm, she soon discovered that she was accompanied by a trusty protector, whose presence she had not before noticed.

Bruno, a shaggy St. Bernard of the purest and noblest breed, a favorite companion of the late master of Broadacres, rubbed his great head affectionately against her hand, as though he too missed the kind attentions of his former friend, and now mutely pleaded for the caresses of his mistress.

It has been truly said that nothing moves us to tears so quickly as the hearty kindness of a dog when something in human nature has pained or chilled us. So now Agatha Eristoun, turning to her dumb companion, threw her arms about his neck and pressed his shaggy head to her heart as though he had been a tried and trusted friend.

"Good Bruno," she said, patting his broad head, and looking into his kind and really sympathetic eyes, "we must be faster friends than ever now, for I don't believe any one mourns the master of Broadacres more than we do. We are both very sad to-night, so come, let us try to cheer each other by a run down the road toward the village."

She opened the park gates as she spoke, and the dog seeming to understand her words and to approve of her purpose, bounded joyfully through and then waited for her to follow.

"Come, dear old fellow," she said, laying her hand upon his head, "you must keep close to my side, for to tell the truth it is scarcely a seasonable hour for a young lady to be abroad alone."

Nevertheless, refreshed and exhilerated by the calm night, and by the healthy glow of her rapid walk, Agatha continued on down the road, feeling more buoyant in spirit, and less oppressed by grief and anxiety, than she had yet done since her arrival in America.

Although Broadacres was her birthplace, she had left it with her parents when still an infant, and her youth, previous to her going to France, having been passed in England, the scene upon which she now gazed excited her by its novelty as well as calmed her by its beauty.

Unlike most American roads, and those in the North especially, where the necessity of trade or commerce had overcome topographical obstacles, and destroyed even beauties, the original surveyor of the road, by command of the founder of Broadacres, had directed it through the loveliest portion of the estate; the undulations of the land had been carefully preserved, and the graceful curves and bends which it occasionally took in order to pass over a brook or through a ravine, made it look like an avenue through some nobleman's home park.

Beautifully shaded through its whole length by large elm and chestnut trees of several generations' growth, whose gnarled branches sufficiently attested their age, it was with exquisite pleasure that Agatha observed the manifold and ever varying shadows which the moonlight threw between the leaves and branches upon the road before her, and it was with almost childish delight that with her dumb companion she chased these shadows until the lights in the neighboring village told her that she was far away from the manor-house, and recalled her to a wholesome dread of being encountered and recognized by any of her neighbors.

The spot where she had paused to retrace her footsteps was a few rods beyond a division in the road which led to the nearest mail station, and as she looked down the highway she was reminded of her frantic impatience upon that stormy night when she was driven so furiously forward to her father's dying bedside.

While she looked down the road and indulged in these passing reflections, she thought she discovered the distant form of a horseman, and heard the clatter of hoofs as they fell upon the flinty road.

Impatient now to return with speed to Broadacres, she abruptly turned about and called to Bruno, who had run on a little distance in advance, evidently in pursuit of some object. Agatha called his name several times, and essayed a whistle to entice him to her side, but although the dog heard her distinctly, he was clearly too much engaged in his own pursuits to obey her just then.

The nearer approach of the horseman, and her increasing realization of the lateness of the hour, nearly drove her wild with impatience to be away; yet too timid to retrace her steps alone, she still waited, and renewed her calls to the dog to return.

"Bruno!" she called, in a half-commanding, half-pleading tone. "Come back, sir! Here, sir, here!"

The approaching horseman had now almost reached the spot where she stood, and his horse having dropped from its sharp canter into a quiet walk, the words which Agatha uttered fell distinctly upon his ear.

He was a young man of noble form and handsome countenance. He sat his horse with unparalleled elegance, and even in the moonlight, as she threw a frightened glance toward him over her shoulder, Agatha Eristoun recognized him as a gentleman.

"Bruno! Bruno! Come back, sir! Come, good fellow, come!"

The horseman scanned the road lying before the young lady, and seeing a large black object scuttling forward, totally regardless of the appealing commands so eagerly sent after it, a half-amused expression passed over his face at the picture.

Nevertheless he sprang lightly to the ground, and holding his horse by the bridle, he approached the young lady on foot, and said, with courteous deference:

"I observe, Madam, that you have been so unfortunate as to place too great reliance upon your dog's training. Nature, I fear, is claiming his allegiance at present, for I should judge he was in hot pursuit of some favorite game."

The stranger's voice invited confidence, and Agatha replied:

"'Tis a St. Bernard dog, sir, and I am inclined to think he can find no legitimate object of pursuit upon a calm American highway."

"You forget, Madam," returned the young man, "that the genius of cats has made them cosmopolitan, and I dare say your dog is living over again some bold achievement of his youthful Alpine days. Would my escort be accepted in lieu of your errant knight, or will you suffer me to wait beside you until his game is run down and he returns to his duty?"

"I scarcely know which course to pursue," Agatha replied. "The beauty of the evening, and the desire to seek distraction from troublesome thought, tempted me far from home. I was only aroused to the fact of my having wandered far by the lights in yonder village."

"Then your home does not lie in that direction?"

"No; I live at Broadacres."

"At Broadacres!" echoed the stranger. "I beg that you will pardon my boldness, but may I inquire concerning its proprietor, Mr. Eristoun?"

"Inquiries concerning him are vain," replied Agatha in a husky tone, "for he is no longer living."

A deep, involuntary sigh escaped the stranger's breast, but Agatha, too much absorbed in her own feelings, failed to observe it.

Since discovering that the young man at her side appeared interested in the affairs of her own family, she was more reluctant than ever to have herself become known, so she quickened her pace, and her companion, who, during the foregoing conversation, had been walking at her side, accelerated his own footsteps.

"Pardon me, Madam," he presently said, "but I am especially desirous of learning more of one whose death is a sincere loss to me. Has his daughter returned—did she reach his bedside before he died?"

"She did," Agatha forced herself to reply. "She arrived but just in time to receive his dying counsels and commands, and to receive his last breath upon her bosom."

The stranger remained silent for some moments, and when he spoke again it was with a constrained manner, as though he feared to be misjudged, yet nevertheless forced himself to the task of speaking.

"I do not wish to intrude upon affairs with which I have no apparent concern," he said; "yet there is one other question which forces an utterance. If you should consider it an unwarrantable liberty, pray do not answer it, but if otherwise, it would greatly relieve me to know whether the family at Broadacres had lately been increased by an arrival from England in the person of Mr. Walter Manning."

"It has," replied Agatha; "but pray, sir, let me now inquire into the reason of your interest."

A silence of some moments followed the young lady's question.

"Your query places me in an embarrassing position," the stranger at length replied. "I would willingly return your confidence with a like freedom, were it not that my replies would compromise another than myself. To-morrow I shall visit Broadacres and seek an audience with Miss Eristoun herself, and then the acquaintance so auspiciously begun to-night I hope may be continued, and with her approval I shall promise myself great pleasure in making a full avowal of everything which you so naturally wish to know."

"Is Mr. Walter Manning a friend, an acquaintance of your own?" asked Agatha, after reflecting for some moments upon the stranger's reply.

"He is an acquaintance," was the constrained rejoinder.

"He is a person who was greatly beloved and trusted by the late master of Broadacres," said Agatha.

"Was he so?" said her companion quickly. "May I ask if he arrived before the death of Mr. Eristoun?"

"He did. His name was the last which Mr. Eristoun uttered. It seemed as though he entered the chamber of death for the purpose of being acknowledged before it should be too late."

"Acknowledged, Madam! In what way, pray?"

"As his favorite relative and trusted nephew, whose arrival he had been for some time expecting."

"'Tis strange!" mused the stranger, and he turned to the young lady to again address her, but at that moment Bruno bounded between them, frolicking with joy, and laid at Agatha's feet a poor little dead squirrel.

Evidently the animal fancied that this trophy would awaken such surprise and delight on the part of his abandoned mistress, that she would overlook and forgive his desertion, but preoccupied by thought, she bestowed no notice upon the dog other than to turn to her companion, and say:

"I will tax your kindness no further, sir. The park gates are not distant, and now that Bruno has returned, I have no fear to retrace the remainder of my way alone with him."

"Do not force me to leave a pleasant duty but half accomplished," was the reply. "I shall place no great confidence in your dumb escort until I see him safely inclosed within the limits of the park. His size, I think, would then bespeak a degree of fidelity, for he would scarcely be able to leap the high paling and again play truant."

"I fear poor Bruno's zeal in the chase has damaged the excellent character he has hitherto sustained," replied Agatha, giving the dog, who now walked steadily and penitently at her side, a passing caress. "He will doubtless retrieve his reputation before long, so we must suspend our judgment for a time."

"I have no reason to quarrel with him certainly," said the stranger gallantly, "since he has been the means of affording me a pleasure I should not have enjoyed had he been more punctilious."

They had reached the entrance to Broadacres by this time, and the young man, holding the gates open, waited for Agatha to pass through.

He stood where the moonlight fell full upon him, while the form of his companion was in the shade. Agatha's eyes seemed riveted to his countenance, as she thus obtained a full view of his features.

He was eminently handsome in every particular which constitutes physical manly beauty, but that which impressed Agatha the most forcibly was the nobility of thought and the purity of action which were revealed in his face. There were no evidences of weak negative goodness, but a sincere hearty principle was stamped upon his countenance like a royal signet, and the cheery light which shone in his eyes, and the grace and courtesy which distinguished his manner, commended him most powerfully to the esteem of the fastidious heiress of Broadacres.

As she stood for an instant thus regarding him, she involuntarily contrasted him with the one who, upon the morrow, she had promised to call husband.

The tall, slightly stooping form of Walter Manning became mean when contrasted with the noble proportions of this chance acquaintance; the bent head and downcast look of the one was, to her fancy, rebuked by the erect, almost haughty carriage and straightforward look of the other; and every other dissimilarity between the two was embraced in the advantages which a man of six and twenty possesses over one who had apparently passed his fortieth year.

The novelty of their meeting and their unrestrained intercourse seemed to both a most natural occurrence, and as they prepared to bid each other adieu, Agatha expressed a hope that this chance meeting would not be a final one.

"I trust not also, Madam," he replied. "I was hastening to Eristoun to spend the night, in order to make an early call to-morrow at Broadacres. I am lately from England, and am come hither upon an affair of some importance which interests Miss Eristoun. At what hour do you think she could receive me?"

Agatha hesitated before she replied. Doubtless the stranger was some gentlemanly business emissary from England who wished to see her upon affairs connected with her interests in that country. She remembered, what she had not for an instant forgotten since her word had been pledged, that the morrow was her wedding-day, so she said indifferently:

"Miss Eristoun will be particularly engaged to-morrow. Can you not transact your commission with Mr. Manning?"

"No, Madam," replied the stranger decidedly, and to Agatha it seemed with a tinge of asperity. "My errand is one of great importance, and concerns Miss Eristoun so intimately that I must see her herself, and at as early an opportunity as she will vouchsafe. If you would kindly inform her that my mission is endorsed by her father, it is possible she will allow me an early interview."

"If such is the case," replied Agatha, "I will second your wishes, and think I can promise you that Miss Eristoun will receive you at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, but it will be me—"

A low growl, followed by a short, quick bark from Bruno, who, for some moments past, had been snuffing and searching among the shrubbery beside the gates, interrupted Agatha's words, and she turned inquiringly toward the animal to learn the cause of his uneasiness.

"The memory of his late achievement doubtless haunts him," said the young man. "Here, sir, come back and cease alarming your mistress with your whims."

The dog returned, but his mind still seemed ill at ease, for he continued to snuff the air and to utter low growls which he dared not fully vent.

This interruption having prevented Agatha from finishing her sentence, she did not resume it, and there being no longer any occasion for lingering at the gate, she renewed her thanks to the young man for his kind attention, and the park gates closing behind her, she heard the stranger mount his horse and canter away back toward Eristoun.

Agatha drew her light summer mantle closer about her, and stopping an instant to count the strokes of the clock which sounded from the belfry of the little church in the glen, she hastened her steps and ran swiftly toward the manor, when she found that it was already twelve.

The dog professed to trot dutifully at her side, but ever and anon he would pause, and turning half-way around, would growl wrathfully, as though an unpleasant remembrance still haunted him.

It was only when she crossed the threshold of her house that Agatha recollected that the day before, while standing at the drawing-room window and looking forth upon the lawn, she had seen Walter Manning pass the sunny spot where Bruno was lying apparently fast asleep.

As he approached, the dog arose with a start and a growl, and remained sitting upon his haunches eyeing the gentleman as he continued his stroll, and though he remained upon the lawn for some time, the dog never removed his eyes from him, nor ceased muttering from time to time the same low growls.

"Where is Mr. Manning?" asked Agatha of the servant whom she met in the hall upon her entrance.

"He left the house but a few moments ago, Ma'am," replied the girl. "We have all been alarmed at your absence, and Mr. Manning said he would go down to the road and see if you had strolled so far."

"When he returns, tell him that I have been abroad, but have returned," said Agatha, and taking the silver lamp from the girl's hand, she lighted herself to her own apartment.

CHAPTER V.

DISASTER AND DISTRUST.

Safe in a ditch he lies,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature. MACBETH.

Had Agatha Eristoun been at all superstitious, had her character been a whit less strong than it was, she would have been filled with fearful forebodings, and sleep would have been effectually banished from her eyes upon the night which preceded that of her anticipated marriage. But overcome by fatigue, sternly resolved to keep thought at bay, and having once determined upon an irrevocable step, opposed by nature to search for obstacles, she hastily disrobed and threw herself upon her couch for the night.

Yet before she fell asleep, she heard in the distance a dog's deep, angry bay, and then, after a lengthened pause, there came to her ears a mournful prolonged howl. The sound was repeated with continuous and increased energy, and even when Agatha fell asleep the mournful sound disturbed her dreams.

Rendered restless by it, she at length arose, and opening her casement, looked forth. The moon had set, and there were signs in the atmosphere of an approaching storm. The wind sighed lugubriously through the trees, and the distant plaints of the dog were brought to her ears by the wind, now clear and distinct, and again dim and muffled by distance. Yet the animal himself seemed to remain in one spot, for the sounds came with every waft of wind from the same direction, and that was in the vicinity of the park gates, where they opened upon the road to Eristoun.

The animal's deep bays and mournful howls did not fail at length to have a mournful effect upon her spirits, and after watching the gathering storm, and listening to the sounds in the distance for some time, she at length left the window and returned to her couch.

But sleep seemed to be effectually banished from her eyelids. Though she strove to recall the drowsy god, he seemed deaf to her wooing, and at length giving over the vain attempt she lay still, listening to the wind, and in lieu of any other diversion, counting the infrequent rain drops which, like *avant-couriers* of the storm, were ever and anon dashed against the window-panes.

The dog still continued his howls, and they now sounded to her like notes of mournful alarm or warning. Yet, after a while, all distant sounds were forgotten in her interest in those faint and muffled noises which were passing outside her chamber door.

She distinctly heard a cautious step steal slowly along the corridor. It paused before her door, and as she listened with every faculty strung to its highest tension, she was convinced that she heard low, labored breathing without in the passage.

It was only for an instant, however, and then the stealthy footsteps were again resumed, and appeared to proceed down the length of the hall, and up the flight of steps at the end which led to an upper and but seldom used portion of the mansion.

Excited, and wondering within herself while these sounds were present, as soon as they were passed the heiress of Broadacres reproached herself with having allowed her imagination to invest the probable passing of a servant to a distant part of the house with a strange or supernatural interest, and resolving to do penance for her foolishness by effectually shutting out all further noise, she covered her head with the bed clothing, and was soon rewarded for her sensible resolve by falling into a sound slumber.

The next morning she was not in her accustomed place at the breakfast table at the usual hour, and though, when she finally descended, she fully expected that she had kept her cousin a long time waiting, to her surprise she found that he too had not as yet made his appearance.

He entered, however, a few moments afterward, and Agatha could not fail to immediately remark the change which had taken place in his appearance since she had seen him the evening before.

His looks were haggard, his manner changed and abstracted, and his mood fitful to the point of rudeness.

"Cousin Walter," said Agatha, approaching him in alarm, "what has happened? Are you ill? Have you received unpleasant news?"

A ghastly smile broke over his countenance as, with an effort at composure, he said:

"Why do you ask these questions? Do I look ill or disturbed?"

"You certainly do," replied Agatha. "Something has surely occurred. Look at your own image in yonder mirror, and see for yourself what a great change there is in your appearance."

Walter Manning barely glanced in the opposite direction, and then passing his hand across his face, he said:

"Something has indeed occurred, Agatha; but upon this morning, of all others, I hoped to keep it from your knowledge."

"Do not attempt to conceal anything from me," she said. "I know that some fearful event has taken place, and the suspense which would torment me, should I be kept in ignorance of its real nature, would be more terrible than a full knowledge of the truth. So pray tell me of it, whatever it may be. You have been abroad this morning, Walter; your boots are wet, and your clothing is damp from the rain."

"Yes," replied he, "I have been abroad since an hour after daylight. A fearful deed has been perpetrated almost within the limits of Broadacres, and the whole neighborhood is in the wildest excitement concerning it."

"A fearful deed! What mean you, Walter? Has any crime been committed in the vicinity?"

"Yes; a foul murder was last night perpetrated just beyond the park gates."

"Who was murdered?" cried Agatha, clasping her hands, and with blanched cheek and dilated eyes confronting her cousin.

"I cannot tell who—a horseman doubtless, for a riderless animal was found cropping the grass but a few rods from the spot where the deed was evidently committed, and a riding whip, a cap, and various other trifles dropped in the struggle which must have taken place between the victim and the murderer, sufficiently indicate the sex of the sufferer."

"Has not the body been found?"

"No."

"Then why is it supposed that a murder has been committed?"

"Because blood has been found upon the road, and because there are evidences that the body has been dragged to the creek which flows near by."

"This is terrible!" cried Agatha, sinking upon a chair, and leaning her head upon her hands to recall her reeling consciousness.

"It is terrible!" she repeated; "for, Walter, it is possible that but for me this tragedy would never have occurred."

Her cousin looked at her in surprise.

"You don't understand me," she said, "and probably think that this sudden announcement has turned my brain, but last night, after you quitted the library, I stepped out upon the lawn, and gradually I extended my walk through the park, and with Bruno at my side, wandered down the road nearly to the village. There the dog deserted me, and in turning to retrace my steps, I was overtaken and accosted by a gentleman, who, leading his horse by the bridle, politely escorted me to the entrance of the park. I did not tell him my name, neither did I ask his; yet I have little doubt that he is the unfortunate victim who has paid with his life the penalty of a trifling act of kindness. What can be done, Walter? The hapless young man was to seek an audience with me this morning upon a matter which he impressively told me concerned my poor father and myself most deeply. If his body has not been found it is possible that he may be still living, though wounded seriously. Let every assistance Broadacres can command be put into requisition both to discover his body and to bring his murderer to justice."

Agatha arose and rang the bell violently.

"Every consideration binds me to take more than a passing interest in this affair," she said, and instead of the tearful, wild excitement which Walter Manning expected would follow his revelation, he beheld with surprise an energy, a solicitude and an indignant resolve which for a moment staggered him.

The horror which had at first turned her cheek deadly pale was now replaced by a heightened color, and she looked as a queen might look whose plighted hospitality had been most foully outraged.

"A murder within the limits of Broadacres shall never go unpunished," she cried. "Whoever the murderer may be, even were he of my own household and my most trusted servant, shall be brought to justice. He who has been so cruelly dealt by was no ordinary personage, yet it is not on that account that I would declare myself his avenger. Were he the lowest cottager in Eristoun, his blood would still cry aloud for vengeance. I feel that this is more than a highway robbery and murder, and the matter shall be most thoroughly sifted."

Walter Manning laid his hand upon his cousin's arm and said soothingly:

"Agatha, dear cousin, do not excite yourself thus. Everything which you yourself would command has already been ordered. Servants and laborers have been assisting the villagers in their search since daybreak, and they are still continuing their work. I directed their labors until I feared my absence would alarm you, and dreading lest the terrible knowledge should come to your ears in a manner to shock you needlessly, I hurried hither to be the first to break the dreadful news."

"I thank you for your forethought," said Agatha. "Yet it seems heartless for us to remain inactive for a single instant. Is there not something we can do to expedite the search?"

"There is nothing. The most experienced dredgers from the village are already at work, and before long I hope their labors will be successful."

Despite her resolution, Agatha shuddered, as for an instant she pictured to herself what that success would be, and she felt a sudden faintness come over her as she thought of the scene which might soon be enacted in her quiet home.

She reached forth her hand for a glass of water, and after drinking it she felt stronger and more composed.

At the same moment she looked toward the window in time to see the dog Bruno coming slowly toward the house, himself looking haggard and sad, as though he had been keeping vigils throughout the night.

"Did you hear Bruno howl last night?" asked Agatha suddenly.

"Where is he?" demanded her cousin quickly.

"He has just crossed the lawn yonder, and has come upon the gallery steps, I think," replied Agatha.

"'Tis a pestilent creature!" he ejaculated; "so old and crabbed that he ought to be shot."

"Bruno shot!" exclaimed Agatha. "Surely, Walter, you forget that he was papa's inseparable companion, and I should deeply mourn his loss."

"Of course I have no designs upon the animal's life, Agatha; but don't you think it would be safer to have him chained near his kennel? The warm weather is approaching, and dogs of his age are more subject to hydrophobia than younger ones."

"I should hate to deprive poor Bruno of his liberty," said Agatha; "yet, if you think it best, you may order him chained."

For so small a matter, Walter Manning seemed to receive this permission with an undue degree of satisfaction.

It was not to be wondered at perhaps, for a recently wounded arm, upon which the flesh had been deeply lacerated, was tormenting him with a thousand twinges of pain, and the dew-laps of Bruno were stained with freshly drawn blood.

This fact, however, was carefully concealed from the knowledge of Agatha; and when, a few moments afterward, she passed the kennel and saw the dog securely fastened by a chain to a stout staple fixed in the floor, she patted his head affectionately, quite ignorant that of late he had become so savage.

The interview between Miss Eristoun and her cousin had not terminated without reference being made to the solemn ceremony which was to take place in a few hours.

With tender ardor Walter Manning pleaded that even the short time which intervened might be abbreviated.

"Let me dispatch a servant for a clergyman immediately," he said. "This spot is no longer a place for you to remain at present; let us leave it for a while, until the excitement attending this tragedy has passed away. A servant could return from town with a clergyman in an hour, and in a few moments after we could be upon our way from this troubled scene."

But Agatha shook her head decidedly.

"I will not say that my promise shall be revoked on account of what has occurred, however much I may dislike to bring a marriage and a death into such close proximity. But I must decline to leave Broadacres until the mystery attending this bloody deed has been solved."

"But, Agatha, reflect a moment. It is scarcely fitting that you should remain here. For my sake, if not for your own health and comfort, let us leave Broadacres for a while."

"No, Walter, I cannot, even for your sake, and my own health and comfort I do not value when opposed to duty."

He walked to the window and bit his lip with vexation as she made this reply, yet she did not notice his annoyance, and calmly continued the task upon which she was employed.

"Walter," she presently said, folding the note she had been writing, "I have written to the authorities in Courtney, informing them of what has occurred, and begging them to send the proper officials hither to make a thorough examination of the spot. I wish it distinctly understood that I invite, and will do everything in my power to further a thorough investigation. Will you ring for a servant to take this to town?"

Her cousin mechanically obeyed, yet his hand trembled as he reached it forth to touch the bell, and if one had been scanning his face closely, it would almost have seemed as though he were ringing his own knell.

"Here, Thomas," she said, to the servant who entered, "I wish you to take this to town as quickly as possible. Yet stay for one moment;" and turning to her cousin, she said, with charming grace, "If you are so inclined, Walter, you can dispatch a note to the Rev. Mr. Howardson at the same time."

He did not require a second permission, but seating himself at the table near his cousin, he quickly penned the note she suggested, and the servant a few moments later was on his way to town.

Agatha Eristoun had been accompanied on her journey from France by a faithful companion, who, since the death of the young lady's mother, had occupied the position of friend and adviser.

She was an American lady of culture, the widow of an officer in the regular army, who, living near the estate of Broadacres, had known and loved the last Mrs. Eristoun, and was therefore well fitted to become her infant daughter's guide.

This lady, whose health was never very robust, had become so weakened by the stormy voyage across the Atlantic, that since her arrival at Broadacres she had been forced to remain in her own apartment. This morning, however, well knowing that in accordance with her father's wishes, her young friend and charge was to be given in marriage to a husband of that father's choice, she rallied her energies and prepared to act her part in the coming ceremony.

She summoned Miss Eristoun's French maid, and bidding her make the necessary preparations, she stood by to direct the toilet of the expected bride.

A dress of rich dead lustre white silk, trimmed with deep folds of white crape, lay spread upon the bed; a long bridal vail and delicate natural flowers of the purest white were laid beside it, with the tiny gloves and snowy handkerchief, and the exquisite bouquet of tuberoses, which, forced to blossom out of season, seemed all the more fragrant for their rarity.

It was to be a sad, an impressively solemn ceremonial. No guests were bidden; there was to be no feasting and no display, for the "mourning bride," standing upon the spot where yesterday had rested the bier of her father, and within hearing of the fearful sounds which every breeze brought from the park gates, felt that to receive the congratulations of friends would be a most flagrant social mockery.

Though sternly resolved to deny herself every opportunity to reflect upon the step she was about taking, forebodings and fears had nevertheless forced themselves upon her more than once that morning, and she had felt her cheeks blanch and her heart beat with labored pulsations whenever these reflections assailed her.

As the hour which she had appointed for the ceremonial drew near, she became strangely agitated. The blood alternately rushed with a feverish glow through her veins, or fled back to her heart, and chilled and pained her with its dull, sluggish action. One moment moving from room to room, as though she sought to escape from some object which pursued her, the next her steps were arrested, and she stopped abruptly to gaze with a horrified look before her, for the remembrance of a troubled marble face had risen before her more than once that morning.

"Tell me, Aunty," she said, throwing her arms about the neck of Mrs. Masterton, and addressing by that term of kinship the lady who had ever been her faithful *confidante*—"tell me, Aunty, if I am wrong in the step I am about to take."

Mrs. Masterton smoothed the luxuriant curls back from the forehead of her beautiful young friend, and said soothingly:

"Your father would not have exacted a promise of this nature from you, had he not been assured that its fulfillment would secure your happiness."

"But, Aunty, I have questioned my heart, and I find that I do not feel the affection for Walter Manning which a bride should feel for her husband, and there are other feelings which I cannot describe that fill me with fear."

"I do not wonder, my poor child! Ever since your return to America you have been agitated by a series of harrowing excitements. Quiet your fears with the thought that for some reason which you cannot now understand, your father *knew* that unless you married your cousin, Walter Manning, your life would be most unhappy; think of his repeated assurances that your cousin possesses every qualification to insure you a blissful future, and that if those qualities are not apparent to you now, it is because your heart and mind have been so torn by conflicting emotions that they could not commend themselves to you. After your marriage, your mind being more at ease, you will be able to contemplate your husband's character more fully, and you will then be able to discover the virtues and mental graces which so endeared him to your father's heart."

"Yes, dear aunt, but there are other circumstances which I cannot reconcile with my father's words. I am not superstitious. I think my nerves are stronger than is usual with those of my sex. Yet I am haunted with the memory of papa's dying looks. You know how calm and benevolent his expression was wont to be; yet his altered looks in his dying moments seemed so fearful, and the expression remained so indelibly impressed upon his features, that I am filled with apprehensions that he struggled at the last to tell me something which he had either forgotten or had no time to utter."

"I do not wish to distress you needlessly, Agatha, by recalling to your memory the throes of dissolving nature. Had I a doubt of the justice of the step you are about to take, I would not urge you to it or attempt to silence your fears; but reflect that your father, in quitting you, resigned everything for which he so ardently desired to live. You had been separated many years, and it is not strange that in the few moments which intervened between your providential entrance and his death, there may have been much which he designed to say, but which the hand of death laid upon his lips prevented."

"Yet he seemed so startled when Walter appeared so suddenly before us."

"Were you not startled yourself, Agatha? did not your own healthful nerves sustain a shock by the unexpected appearance of a stranger at that solemn moment? His faculties had probably even then become impaired by death, and in the dim light of the chamber he may not have instantly recognized the nephew he had been so long and so anxiously expecting."

"There you mistake, dear aunt. He knew my cousin instantly, for he spoke his name immediately, and when I put my lips to his ear and asked if the stranger was my cousin, Walter Manning, he nodded a decided affirmative."

"Then, my child, instead of tormenting yourself with these groundless fears, why do you not see reason to rejoice that your father's life was prolonged until he saw that your cousin had arrived, and thus his last view of earth was cheered by beholding his daughter joined at his death-bed by the man who of all the world he had chosen for her husband. I have been acquainted with your father many years, Agatha, and I have never known his judgment to err in a single instance. With an almost prophetic insight into the future, I have known him to form plans which invariably resulted as he anticipated, and I cannot but think that the last desire of his life—a desire so intimately connected with what he held most dear—was equally wise and beneficent."

"Thank you," said Agatha, giving Mrs. Masterton a kiss upon her pale cheek. "Your words indeed cheer me, for they strengthen a resolution which, despite my solemn and thrice-repeated promise, was on the point of wavering. It is now time for me to dress, is it not?"

"It lacks but an hour of the time you named, Mademoiselle," said the maid, who entered the room at this moment.

"Then dress me quickly, Luzette," said her young mistress, as with an unsteady step she took her place before the mirror and submitted her beautiful auburn hair to the skillful fingers of the French maid.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SERIO-COMIC ITEMIZING.

What a relief it is to gain information of a serious accident without any of the horrible details that shock the senses and curdle one's blood. What can be more vivid than the following, and yet we smile rather than shudder in thoughts of the mistaken interloper who got cut up:

"The gentleman who recently proceeded to 'clean out' the editor of the Sioux City *Times* has consented to postpone operations until the doctors have fixed half a dozen broken bones for him, and extracted three or four bullets."

Is not the following brief, comprehensive, and to the point:

"Mrs. Swan of Cochran, N. Y., lighted her fire with kerosene on Monday, leaving a husband and one child."

Of horrible accidents how pleasant it is to read and be left to imagine as much, or as little horror as you please. Here is the whole story in a nutshell, and a full column of ghostly particulars would not add to it:

"A Pennsylvanian, after lighting a match, threw it into a powder keg. The coroners of three counties are collecting the shreds."

Here we have a conflagration done up in style:

"John Baldwin of Grundy county, Iowa, owned a defective flue. He doesn't own it now. Loss, $600."

And here is another:

"A Kansas farmer fired at some rats under his barn and killed several. Loss, $3,000; uninsured."

Witness the following physiological item. No exhaustive medical treatise could express more:

"A man in Galveston, the other day, who complained of being over-heated, effected a permanent cure by drinking six glasses of ice-water, without the aid of a physician. He was cool when the coroner came."

The following precautionary item tells a sad story of experience, and we may take the lesson without a shudder:

"An agricultural gentleman of Denver, Col., who, despite his wife's warnings, persisted in smoking on a load of hay the other morning, returned home shortly afterward with his hair and eyebrows singed, and the iron work of his wagon in a potato sack."

Here is another equally good:

"Mr. Collins of Hartford bought a ferocious watch-dog. Mr. Collins came home late that night. His wife says that his trowsers can't be mended. The dog's skin is for sale cheap. Mr. Collins hopes to be able to sit down in a few weeks."

And here is a chapter of agricultural information, clear and concise, in five lines:

"A gentleman of Winooski, Vt., who recently tried a solution of lye as an antidote to cabbage worms, will not do so again, at least not with the several acres of cabbage plants that he experimented on the other day."

If we must have items of scandal published, commend us to the man who can satisfy himself with elucidating as follows:

"A lady in Atlanta tied her husband's hands and feet the other day, just for fun, and then went through his pockets for a certain billetdoux, and found it. His physician tells him that his face won't be badly scarred, though he may remain permanently bald."

What a chapter of domestic unrest is brought to a climax in this bit of romance:

"A mother-in-law in Lansingburg, New York, is trying to rid her eyes of a quantity of red pepper which, in some strange way or other, came through the key-hole of her daughter-in-law's room."

Thus we see how the most serious and painful events may be made to present a surface of comicality, and if the lesson is conveyed all is gained. The man who invented a sugar coating for nauseous pills did a humane thing.

S. C., JR.

THE OLD ENEMY.

Three Indians of St. Mary's Forest, who had been sadly given to intemperance, were, by the powerful persuasions of George Copway—Ka-ge-ga-ga-bough—induced to sign the pledge. These red men had done much trading with the whites, and were well known in the region of St. Mary's, and when it became known that they had pledged themselves to total abstinence, a party of white men formed the somewhat risky resolution of tempting them to test their sincerity, to which end they placed a bottle of whisky in the path which the Indians were soon to travel, and then concealed themselves to watch for the result.

By and by the red men came along in single file. The first one observed the bottle, and with a deep "Ugh!" shook his head, and passed on. The second kicked the bottle aside with his foot, saying,—"Me knows you, old friend,—and me no want you any more." The last of the three, who had overheard the speech of his companion, when he came up, stopped and contemplated the bottle for a moment in silence. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and drawing his tomahawk, exclaimed,—

"Ugh!—No friend this, ever! He is our enemy! He conquer me many times,—*now I conquer him!*" And he smashed the poison flask to atoms.

C.

WIT AND HUMOR.

In Charles the Second's reign, a free table was allowed for the court chaplains. At one time, however, the king being rather in necessitous circumstances, ordered this dinner to be discontinued, but, to soften matters, honored his clergymen with his presence at the last intended dinner. The grace used to be, "God save the king, and bless the dinner;" but Dr. South, who presided on this occasion, transposed the words to "God bless the king, and save the dinner." "And it shall be saved," said the king, amused at the doctor's humor, and instantly countermanded the order.

A young drug clerk committed suicide in Bristol, a few days ago. At the inquest the coroner asked a fellow-clerk of the deceased if he knew of any cause for the suicide. "No," was the reply; "he was getting along nicely, and was going to be married next month." "*Going to be married*, was he?" exclaimed the coroner. "That will do. We've got at the bottom of this business!"

A rich profligate giving a friend a ride through his grounds, found that, owing to the prevalence of wet weather, the roads were so miry they could only go at a slow pace. "Well," said he, "people talk about my *running* through my estates, but I'm sure no such thing can be the case at present."

"My son," said a mother to her little boy, four years old, "who above all others will you wish to see when you pass into the spirit world?" "Goliah!" shouted the child, with joyous anticipation, "unless," he quickly added, "there's a bigger feller there!"

A grave-digger, walking in the streets the other day, chanced to turn and noticed two doctors walking behind him. He stopped till they passed, and then followed on behind them. "And why is this?" said they. "I know my place in this procession," said he.

A physician, on presenting his bill to the executor of the estate of a deceased patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn to?" "No," replied the executor; "the death of the decedent is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

"Please tell me what the time is?" asked a little boy of an apothecary, who was much troubled by such inquiries. "Why, I told you the time but a moment ago!" snapped the apothecary. "Yes, sir," said the boy, "but this is for another woman."

A miller who was a marshal in the town of Dumblane, was coming into the village one day with a wagon loaded with sacks of flour, when a wag cried out, "Halloo! Here comes Marshal Saxe, with the *flower* of Dumblane!"

A lady having her dress trimmed with bugles before going to a ball, her little daughter wanted to know if the bugles would blow when she danced. "O, no," replied the mother, "but papa will, when he sees the bill!"

"Come, don't be timid," said a couple of snobs to two mechanics; "sit down and make yourselves our equals." "To do that, we should have to blow our brains out," replied one of the mechanics.

A learned German who has been studying on the matter for some time, announces that there are more than forty-four millions of devils, which is a good deal more than one to every printing office.

A gentleman meeting a friend who was wasting away with consumption, exclaimed, "Ah, my dear fellow, how slow you walk!" "Yes," replied the consumptive, "I walk slow, but I'm going fast."

Said Kate to her new husband, "John,
What rock does true love split upon?"
Quoth John, and grinned from ear to ear,
"The rock of yonder cradle, dear!"

A gentleman subject to the gout, being told by his doctor that the disease gave a long lease of life, replied, "That may be so, but unluckily the lease is a *rack*-rent!"

"I should have no objection to my wife's reigning," said an affectionate husband, "if it were not for the fact that when she reigns she is so apt to storm also."

A speaker at a political meeting the other night concluded his address by solemnly warning the audience that "the eyes of the vox populi" were on them.

Some people say it is dark-haired women that marry soonest, but elderly spinsters maintain that it is the light-headed ones.

Gravity is no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is of a shirt.

Forced politeness—Bowing to necessity.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A fireman on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad recently exhibited extraordinary firmness. He was caught between the "foot-board" of the tender and the hot wall of the engine furnace, from which position all efforts to rescue him were unavailing. The poor fellow, suffering the most excruciating pain, begged his companions to kill him; but finally he became calmer, and, taking from his pocket a small blank-book and pencil, wrote a farewell message to his wife.

A party of ruffians in Providence have for some time amused themselves by throwing stones at railway trains passing through that city. No effort was made to stop them till a lady in a car was seriously injured, the other day, by one of the missiles, when public indignation aroused the authorities, and the miscreants were forced to abandon their pastime.

A Connecticut farmer having more apples than he could find room for in his cellar, and not considering them worth picking at present prices, sold them unpicked for four dollars for each row of trees. On one row of trees there were seventy barrels of apples, which cost the purchaser, besides the trouble of picking, less than six cents a barrel!

A number of persons in a funeral procession in Hartford, the other day, got to crowding one another, and finally broke into a fight. A large crowd collected to witness the disgraceful scene, and no arrests were made, though several of the combatants were seriously injured.

A little girl was murdered in New Haven, on Thursday night of last week, by being thrown into a well, where her body was found next morning. Her uncle was arrested on suspicion of his having perpetrated the murder.

A few days ago there were four hundred and nine gunners in a patch of woods in a town in the eastern part of New Hampshire, and the day's hunt of the four hundred and nine resulted in the killing of one gray squirrel.

The estimated expense of our navy for the ensuing year is twenty millions of dollars. The whole expenses of the Government under John Quincy Adams' administration were only thirteen millions of dollars a year.

A woman in Bangor had to be arrested and confined in jail, last week, to keep her from killing her husband. She was at first held to bail, but that did not check her ferocity in the least, and so she was locked up.

A boot and shoe manufacturer in Springvale, Mass., sent his family off to "enjoy themselves" one day last week, and when they returned in the evening, they found that he had hung himself in the attic.

The other day, an inhuman driver in Albany, becoming enraged at his horse, backed him up against a blast furnace, and kept the poor creature there until his hip and thigh were badly burned.

The people of Louisville, Ky., are reported as being in a state of alarm at the prospect of having no coal this winter, the Ohio river being so low that shipments cannot be made from the coal regions.

A letter recently received from the captain of a whaling vessel belonging in Winterport, Me., states that the mate was seized in the jaws of a sperm whale, in July last, and crushed to death.

A woman met with a miserable and violent death in Washington, the other day, who was the daughter of a New York millionaire, and eloped with her father's coachman fifteen years ago.

Mrs. Scofield, aged seventy-three years, was terribly burned at Whitneyville, Me., a few days ago, by her clothes taking fire from the cook stove, and died the next day in great agony.

Three cows and a horse were burned to death in a barn that was set on fire by an incendiary, in Bradford, Mass., on Thursday night of last week.

During the recent horse epidemic, several circuses were obliged to suspend their performances on account of the illness of their trained horses.

At a recent funeral in Georgetown, Cal., one of the mourners fainted and fell into the open grave, and died in a few minutes after he was extricated.

GIVE HIM A LIFT.

BY GRACE H. HORR.

Oh, the blessings the world might have,
If the stewards the germs would save;
Every gift, every good retain,
And the faltering steps sustain,
Just by a lift!

Yonder lad with the beaming eye,
Pressing on with a stifled sigh,
Seeking the good from the ill to sift,
Checked and chilled by the stormy drift,
Give him a lift!

That young girl who is peering round,
Softly treading the dangerous ground,
Looking ahead for the beacon-light,
Which is *almost* beyond her sight,
Give her a lift!

See that wreck on the sea of life,
Nearly swamped by the waves of strife!
Stay not to count every spot you see,
Nor to say what he *ought* to be:
Give him a lift!

There is one who has done his best,
And he toils with no hope of rest!
Ye who can ride all your life at ease,
And can do as your fancies please,
Give him a lift!

A few steps may suffice, at most;
Just an effort—that is not lost!
Saving the wasting of years through care,
So the fruits of their toil they'll share:
Give them a lift!

Not to pamper a wild desire—
Just the aid that they each require;
Some in the shade, and the others in sun,
And the stewards must see it done:
Give them a lift!

Oh, the blessing—the heavenly dower!
Oh, the glorious gift of power!
Which shall the true in the truth retain,
And the wandering steps restrain—
Giving a lift!

A BONE of CONTENTION;

—OR—

The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "THE OLD LIFE'S SHADOWS," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

AN UNFORESEEN INTERVENTION.

While the events which we have chronicled were transpiring in London, other events were occurring down in Huntingdonshire which materially affected the fortunes of Darrel Moer and Hilda Floyd.

These events were of the most important and startling character, and their result was to render the marriage of Moer to Miss Floyd perfectly legal and valid, and to free Honor Glint from all legal or other association with Moer's fortunes.

These events we will now hasten to narrate.

Upon the evening in which Hilda Floyd had so recklessly insulted and defied Lord Waldemar—the evening before the clandestine marriage in the parish church of St. Jude's—Miss Bing made doors and windows all secure at the lonely house of the Cypresses down among the fens, and sat down upon a tall-backed splint-seated chair before the broad hearth. A bright wood fire was blazing, the great back-log burned slowly, a faintly resinous odor filled the air, and the ruddy light streamed out beyond the tiled fireplace over the red brick floor and into the distant corners. A single candle burned on the deal table.

The hour was about ten. The tea-kettle was beginning to hum and to emit a light steam from its crooked spout as it swung gently above the blaze. Miss Bing's hands were laid idly upon her knees; but although her hands were idle her brain was busy, as was evidenced by her nervous tremors, and by her frequent starts and glances over her shoulder.

She was thinking of the "ghost" that devoured her stores, and flitted through her house, whispering through key-holes and rustling through the halls.

Only the night before, a loaf of bread and a roasted duck had completely and entirely disappeared from her pantry, in company with a bottle of ale which was one of a dozen which she had procured to solace her lonely hours. The tempting bait of toasted cheese in her rat-trap had remained untouched, a convincing proof that the midnight depredator was no innocent mouse.

"Rats are not in the habit of lugging off bottles of ale and provisions in quantity," mused the spinster, "and leaving not so much as a crumb behind them. I've searched the entire house to-day for the fiftieth time. I know the thief is a ghost. When I spoke to the farmer to-day, when he brought more provisions to me, he said it was the spirit of the man who was once murdered in this house and cannot rest in the grave. If he can't, he's no business to come worriting me. I never harmed him. Oh dear, I wish I was out of the house. I can't stand it much longer."

She looked quickly and sharply behind her, fancying the shadows in the corners peopled with lurking ghosts. But not one revealing his presence, she went to the pantry and brought out a bottle half filled with brandy, and proceeded to concoct a drink with hot water, sugar and liquor. Having imbibed this, but feeling the solitude unbearably oppressive, she resolved to carry up a little pot of tea to her young prisoner, muttering:

"Any company is better than none. And I'm that afeard that I don't dare to go to my own room. I keep expecting. the ghost to pounce out upon me!"

She made the tea in a small black earthen pot, toasted a piece of bread, and with this simple refreshment as an excuse for seeking Honor's companionship, she went up stairs and admitted herself into Honor's room.

The young girl was still up. Her fire was burning, and she was half crouching before it, her face on her hands, her elbows leaning on her knees, her eyes fixed intently upon the bed of coals. She had not removed her garments for the night, and was dressed in her gray travelling suit, worn and shabby now.

"I've brought you up some tea, Miss," said the spinster, depositing the tray on a table and pushing the latter toward Honor.

The girl looked up in surprise at the unwonted attention.

"I was lonely down stairs," said Miss Bing, half ashamed of her superstition, "and any company when one is lonely is better than none."

"Perhaps so," said Honor, "but I don't want the tea. I have eaten my regular meals without suspicion, Miss Bing, but I have reason to distrust any especial kindnesses from you."

"The tea isn't drugged, if you mean that," said the woman sharply. "I brought it up to have the excuse of seeking your company for a few moments. The house is haunted, that's what it is, and I don't like to be in them great rooms alone."

"I don't believe in ghosts," said Honor. "Are you sure that you don't get up in your sleep, Miss Bing? Last night, and every night since I have been here, some one has whistled through the key-hole of my door, and tried my latch, and muttered—"

"Lor' sakes!" ejaculated Miss Bing, in terror. "Why didn't you speak of it before?"

"Because I supposed it a part of your plan to terrify me into submission to Darrel Moer's will," declared the girl. "And I am not sure now that such is not the case."

"But I vow," said Miss Bing, shuddering, "that it was not I. I don't walk in my sleep. And I have heard the same noises at my door and in the hall. It's the ghost!"

Her terror was unmistakably genuine.

"These sounds may be susceptible of a very simple explanation," said Honor. "I don't believe that they are supernatural."

"Then what do you think of cooked food disappearing from my pantry every night?" demanded Miss Bing. "Of ale and butter and milk being carried off by the quantity—of my new Witney blankets disappearing bodily without leaving so much as a thread of lint? Who took 'em?"

"Some tramp perhaps—"

"Some tramp! Which I've searched the house from top to bottom every day, and the windows and doors all shut! Some tramp indeed!" scoffed Miss Bing. "I tell you, Miss, it's a ghost!"

Honor offered no further objections to Miss Bing's theory, but her own opinion remained unchanged.

"I do not want the tea, Miss Bing," she observed, pushing the table from her. "I would like a cup of water. I am thirsty to-night."

"I'll get the water, Miss, and if you feel wakeful-like, which I do, I'll make bold to sit with you an hour or more," said Miss Bing. "I am not sleepy, and I don't like to go to bed."

Honor assented to the proposed visit, and Miss Bing took up the tray, with the lighted candle upon it, and went out into the hall. The key was in the outside of the lock of Honor's room. Miss Bing merely turned the key, shooting the bolt home, but without withdrawing the key, as she was to return immediately.

Honor heard her cross the hall to the staircase landing. Then a sudden shriek of horror in Miss Bing's voice rent the air, the tray and dishes went clattering down the stairs, and there followed the sound of two heavy falling bodies, bumping at every step, and landing with a dull thud upon the brick floor of the lower hall.

Honor comprehended that Miss Bing had fallen down stairs. She flew to her door and listened. There came up to her a series of appalling shrieks from the throat of Miss Bing, intermingled with horrible groans, apparently emanating from another person.

What had happened? The vigor of Miss Bing's screams attested that she was not seriously injured, or else she was in a state of mortal terror. Who was in the house besides the girl and her jailer?

Honor beat her small fists upon her door, rattling a tattoo that resounded through the great hall outside.

Her first impression was that Sir Hugh Tregaron had come to her rescue, and that it was the sight of him that had terrified Miss Bing.

She kept up her tattoo with energy under this conviction.

"Here I am!" she cried. "Let me out! let me out!"

There was a sound of a struggle in the hall below, a sound of steps on the stairs, and a swift rush in the hall without, and then a whistling was heard through the key-hole of the door, a whistling like that Honor had heard for so many nights. The girl shrank back in disappointment and a vague alarm. A low, confused sort of muttering followed, the key was turned in the lock, and the door was flung open.

Honor Glint stood face to face with the "ghost" of the Cypresses!

It was no shadowy shape that confronted her, no spirit such as Miss Bing's heated imagination had conceived. But it was scarcely less strange, wild, and terrifying.

It was a living woman! yet one who seemed more like a ghost than a living, breathing creature.

She was tall and emaciated, and wore a woolen blanket folded around her like a toga. Her fair hair, ragged and uneven, and dabbled in warm wet blood, strayed over her shoulders. Her big blue eyes stood out from the dead and awful whiteness of her face burning like corpse-lights. Upon her forehead was a frightful open wound from which the blood dripped slowly, and she clutched her chest as if a terrible agony were raging within.

If she were not a ghost, she seemed a dying woman, yet there was an aspect of faded grandeur about her, a look of decayed majesty, a gleam of former beauty.

She could not have been over thirty years of age, but she looked fifty.

"Who are you?" she asked, regarding the girl wonderingly, and coming into the room. "What are you doing here? This house is mine."

Miss Bing had gathered herself up from the brick hall floor, and now came up the stairs and stood in Honor's door-way. The conviction that her visitor was human had forced itself upon her mind, and she drew from her bosom a pistol with which Moer's valet had armed her, and prepared to stand guard over her captive.

Miss Bing had been more frightened than hurt. On reaching the hall landing, a grotesque figure all in white—in one of the stolen Witney blankets—had arisen from a crouching position among the shadows and pounced upon the woman with mutterings of menace. In her horror and alarm, Miss Bing had lost her footing, and fallen down the stairs, hurling her assailant before her. The intruder had received the full force of the fall, Miss Bing coming heavily upon her, but in Miss Bing's fright the singular intruder escaped from her and returned up the stairs, being attracted to the prisoner's door by Honor's call.

The young girl had seen at a glance that the intruder was a lunatic. The restless glare of the big burning eyes testified that the brain behind them was diseased. She deemed it best to soothe the terrible looking being.

"I am Honor Glint," she answered calmly, slowly retreating. "Who are you?"

The woman uttered a wild, discordant laugh, and glanced toward the mirror on the wall.

"I!" she said. "I am the beautiful queen of tragedy. Ha, ha! I am La Belle Carmine! La Belle Carmine forever! *Vive la bagatelle!*"

The last words were spoken gaspingly. She sank down in a chair, clutching frantically at her breast.

Miss Bing started as the name fell on her ear. She had heard from Moer's valet years before, that his master, Darrel Moer, had wedded a beautiful young actress named Carmine Roff, and known as La Belle Carmine. She advanced into the room, locking the door on the inner side, and putting the key in her pocket.

"So you are the ghost who haunts the Cypresses?" she demanded, approaching the mad woman.

"Yes," and a gleam of cunning sparkled in the woman's fading eyes. "I took your bread and meat. Oh, yes! And the blankets. Oh, it was very cold up in the little close stable loft where I hid all the day, and I grew hungry too. I crept in at one of the cellar windows, where the catch was loose. You were keen, but not so keen as I. Why, I have sharpened wits with my enemies for all these years. They call me mad. I am not mad. Parfitt and the rest are mad—not I!"

"What is your name?" cried Miss Bing.

"'What's in a name?'" muttered the mad woman. "Ah, the pain in here!" and she caught at her breast. "The pain! the pain!"

"She has received some internal injury," said Miss Bing, turning to Honor. "She attacked me on the stairs, and we fell down together, and I fell full upon her. I dare say she has crushed in her ribs. She looks as if she were dying."

"She must have escaped from some place of confinement recently," said Honor, "and she has hidden in the stable loft at the Cypresses. Her words explain how she has procured her sustenance. She must have arrived at about the time we came."

The woman interrupted with a tragic gesture. The red drops of blood were dripping slowly down her face, and her wild, weird eyes were fast losing their terrible brilliancy.

"I am La Belle Carmine!" she said, as if uttering a refrain often upon her lips. "They called me Carmine Roff, but I was not. I tell you I was legally married to him. If he denies it, let the traitor die! You'll find the register of the marriage at Somerset House, and in the books at Saint Helen's. I am his wife. Who calls me Carmine Roff?"

She raised her drooping head with a defiant air.

"No one—no one!" said Honor pityingly, kneeling by the woman's side and taking in hers the fluttering hand. "Miss Bing, her pulse is failing. She must have received some terrible internal injury. We will lay her upon my bed, and look to her wounds."

They did so. The wound upon the woman's head was dressed by Honor's own hands, with gentleness and even tenderness. They examined her breast. Several of her ribs were broken, and Miss Bing declared that one of them had been driven into the woman's heart.

"We can do nothing for her," said the jailer. "She is already dying. She'll last but a few minutes longer. See how gray her face is; how pinched her nose; and she is picking at the blanket. That's a sure sign of death."

"Poor thing!" sighed Honor, bending over her and stroking the damp white brows softly. "Whoever she is, some one has loved her."

The woman looked up with a pitiful and fleeting smile.

"Ah, yes," she whispered. "Darrel loved me once! How he praised my fair hair and my blue eyes! Darrel loved me!"

"Darrel?"

"Yes, my husband, you know. He is my husband, even if he denies it. How dared they look down upon me at Baden-Baden? I tell you, I was—I am—his lawful wife. He grew tired of me. He is very fickle. It's his nature, but he is very handsome, and I loved him. He told me he should never acknowledge our marriage, but he will—he must. I'll go to the old Squire myself—I'll get on my knees to him and plead for my Darrel. What! shall our two lives be ruined for the sake of that old man's pride! Darrel shall love me again—Darrel! Darrel!"

Her voice rose to a shrill scream.

"Don't talk!" commanded Miss Bing.

"Oh, yes, speak!" cried Honor Glint, falling on her knees beside the bed. "Who is this Darrel who is your husband?"

The dying woman stroked the girl's golden head as she answered:

"Ah, he's nothing to you, girl. He belongs to me. We were married in the church at Brighton. He took me with him to Germany, but you think, perhaps, because he allowed the impression to go out, that he was not married to me. I say he was. I can prove it. Look for the registry at Somerset House. I am his lawful, honest wife. But he is cruel, terrible. He hates me. Is—is that old Parfitt?"

She seemed to hearken for a footstep on the stairs.

"It's no one," said Miss Bing. "You must go to sleep."

"I'm sleepy," the woman murmured. "My head is better. The pain is easing. I want to rest."

She was silent for some minutes, clinging to Honor's hand, and seeming to doze. Suddenly she opened her eyes, and her glances wandered. Those big blue eyes had lost their restless glare now, but were strangely staring. The expression of her face had changed. A softness and sweetness seemed to mantle the worn, pinched features. In her last moments, at least a fragment of her reason had come back to her.

"I think I'm dying!" she said softly. "Where's Darrel? Call my husband?"

"He is not here," said Honor.

"Not here! Oh, I remember now. He says that he will not own me for his wife. He is afraid of his uncle. He repents our marriage. His short-lived infatuation is over. Have I been sick long?"

"Yes, some time, I think," said Honor gently.

"I don't remember your faces. Do you think I'm dying?"

"Yes, dear," answered Honor pitifully. "Shall I pray for you?"

"There is not time," said the dying woman. "But it's all right. I've always prayed for myself, you know, and I'm not afraid to die. I don't remember somehow—how did I get hurt? Never mind. The time is short. Tell Darrel that he need never appeal to old Squire Floyd now. Give Darrel my last message—"

The voice faltered. La Belle Carmine seemed to drowse again.

"What shall I tell him?" asked Honor. "Who is he?"

The heavy lids lifted again, disclosing the glazing eyes. The white and rigid lips parted, and the dying voice slowly fluttered out the words:

"Tell—Darrel Moer—his wife—is dead. He is free!"

The eyelids closed again, a quick breath came from the still parted lips, and the soul of Darrel Moer's wronged wife was gone to God!

The stormy life was over: the weary heart had ceased its beatings forever. The blue eyes Darrel Moer had once loved were hidden by the marble lids, and would never open more. The pinched lips, so long compressed in pain and anguish, relaxed now in a heavenly smile, and upon the poor dead face Death set the seal of peace.

At peace at last!

CHAPTER XLVI.

HONOR STILL IN TRIBULATION.

The last words of the dying woman, faint and gasping as they were, thrilled through the soul of Honor Glint like a voice from Heaven. She arose from her knees by the bedside, and said to Miss Bing, in a hushed voice:

"You heard? You heard? She was the wife of Darrel Moer!"

Miss Bing had reflected earnestly during the past few moments. She saw that the truth would help the cause of Darrel Moer more than any untruth.

"Yes, I heard," she replied, with an awe-stricken glance at the pale, inanimate figure. "He married her ten years ago. I thought she was dead."

"Was he ever divorced from her?"

"No. The marriage was never publicly owned."

"But he was married to her legally?"

"He was."

The girl's lovely face glowed with sudden raptnre.

"Then I am not his wife!" she cried. "His wife lies here. A marriage during her lifetime would be null and void. I am not his wife. Oh, God be thanked!"

She knelt down again by the bed and breathed forth her great gratitude to God. Free! How the word rang in her ears! Free from the hideous shackles of her mad marriage—free from the claims of the villain Moer—free!

Presently she looked up again, pale yet blissful, and raised the lifeless hand of Darrel Moer's mad wife to her lips. She arose and pressed upon the wan, peaceful face, from which the haggard look was going, a gentle kiss.

"And if I am not Moer's wife," said Honor, after a long pause, "he is now free to marry again. He told me he should marry Miss Floyd to-morrow. That marriage will be legal. Miss Floyd will be his lawful wife."

"Yes," said Miss Bing. "There will be no crime in his marriage with her."

"As my marriage to him is null and void, as I have been no more to him since it was contracted than a perfect stranger, he has no longer even the authority of a husband to confine me in this house. Providence has freed me through this poor woman," and Honor looked reverently at the form of the dead Carmine Moer. "I am willing now to pledge my word that I and my friends will not expose Darrel Moer's wickedness. I would not become his confederate, and assist him to wrong Miss Floyd, but as his marriage with her will now be legal, I will promise not to interfere with it. This promise was all that Moer required of me."

"No doubt he will be glad to receive it."

"You must go at once to the farmer's house for aid," said the girl. "This body must be cared for, and preparations made for a funeral. Her friends—she must have some—must be notified. A telegram must be sent to her husband. The farmer must send me in some conveyance to the station to-night, so that I can be in London in the morning."

"Not so fast, Miss," exclaimed Miss Bing. "I have no doubt that Mr. Moer will gladly release you and send you home, but I must write to him first and get his answer. That will take a day or two. You must wait during that time as patiently as you can. I received my instructions from him through my brother, and I must have his orders to release you. You shall be treated well while you stay, and I don't doubt your stay here will be short."

From this decision no entreaties could move the woman. She had softened a moment, in the presence of death, but she was already her grim self again.

"I shall take the body into my room," said Miss Bing. "I have no more fears of ghosts. You ought to try to sleep."

She unlocked the door leading into her own chamber, and lifting the emaciated dead body in her strong arms, she carried it in and laid it upon her own bed. Honor followed her into the room, and tried the door leading into the hall, but it was locked.

"There's no escape for you," said the woman grimly. "You have been patient these three weeks. Be patient two days longer. I promise you your freedom as soon as I can hear from my brother. Mr. Moer has no object in detaining you here longer."

She pushed Honor into her own room and locked the door upon her. Then she took a candle and searched the halls and stairs for spots of blood, effacing them carefully with a wet cloth.

"The woman must be got out of the house," she said to herself. "I won't have her body under this roof till morning."

She took the slender figure up again in her arms, and now carried it down stairs, depositing it upon one of the kitchen settles.

But what was to be done with the body?

Her first impulse was to hurry over to the farmer's, and ask him to remove it, but the gaping wounds upon the body made her cautious. What if she were to be charged with murdering the woman? What if the house were to be searched, and Honor found in imprisonment?

"I must dispose of her myself," said the woman. "I'll take her back to the stable loft where she has hidden so long. That is the only thing to be done."

It was a difficult task, but Miss Bing was strong, and her fears doubled her usual strength. She clasped the body again in a close embrace and hurried out into the stable yard. She began to tremble under the contact of the cold, dead face, and nearly dropped her burden once or twice, but finally carried it into the stable.

"I can never get it up the ladder into the loft," she panted. "It grows heavier every moment."

There was a square opening overhead in the floor of the loft, which had once been covered by a trap-door. Acting upon a suddenly conceived idea, Judith Bing laid the body down upon its face under the opening, muttering:

"When she is found, her wounds will be attributed to a fall from the loft. The dust and dirt of the floor will hide the fact that her wound has been washed. That trouble is disposed of."

She returned to the house.

"Mr. Moer would give a good deal to know that she is dead, and that his marriage to Miss Glint was a mere farce, and that he is free to marry Miss Floyd," she thought. "I'll write to Watson in the morning."

She sat before her fire all night, sleepless and watchful, thinking of the dead body on the stable floor, of Darrel Moer's prospects, and of Honor Glint. Daylight came, and found her still wakeful.

She prepared Honor's breakfast and took it up to her.

The girl had been sleepless also. She was very pale, but there was a radiant happiness on her face, such as had not been there since before leaving Bolton.

Honor pleaded to be allowed to leave the Cypresses that morning, and offered bribes, but Miss Bing shook her head, refusing to consider her prayers.

"You can go to-morrow, when I hear from Mr. Moer, and not before," she declared. "I shall write to him immediately."

"What have you done with the body of Mrs. Moer?" asked Honor.

"Disposed of it," was the laconic answer.

Miss Bing returned to the kitchen, and wrote her letter to Darrel Moer, under cover to her brother. It was scarcely finished when a light spring cart drove up the paved way leading from the highway to the house, and came around the dwelling, halting at the rear door. Its driver, an elderly sallow-faced man, sprang out and knocked loudly upon the door of the rear hall with the handle of his driving whip.

Miss Bing concealed her letter and writing materials in her table drawer, and with a wildly beating heart answered the summons.

The man raised his hat to her respectfully.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, "but I have ventured to stop here, in the hope that you can give me some information. I am in search of an escaped lunatic—a woman. She has been missing from her home some three or four weeks. Doctor Parfitt, who has had her in charge, has had men in search of her ever since she disappeared, as she is dangerous to be at large. I have succeeded in tracing her in this direction. She was seen in the Deep Fen three weeks ago, without shoes or stockings or head covering. Have you seen anything of her?"

"Nothing at all," said Miss Bing promptly. "A lunatic! Oh dear! we shall be murdered."

"If she comes this way, be good enough to telegraph to Doctor Parfitt at the Retreat near Offord," said the stranger politely. "The poor creature is a lady. Her name is Carmine Roff, and she was an actress, but she believes herself to be married to some young sprig of nobility. I have been away from the Retreat for a week, searching all the fens within some miles of this place, thinking that she may have died of exposure. I must go back to-day. It is possible that she may have been already found by others who are searching."

"I hope so," said Miss Bing. "It does give me such a turn to hear of lunatics being at large. I was frightened yesterday, and I've not got back my spirits since. Some person, a tramp I should say, has broken into my house every night and stolen food and blankets, and yesterday I fancied I saw a wild looking face at the stable window."

"Let me look into your stable, madam," interrupted the stranger eagerly. "The face you saw may be Miss Roff's. She is very shy and avoids people. It would be like her to hide in an unused stable, and steal her supplies from the house."

He hurried to the stable, Miss Bing following.

When he opened the door, his first glance fell upon the prostrate body. He bounded toward it, and turned up the face to the light, brushing off the dirt that clung to it.

"It is she!" he exclaimed. "Poor thing! Her troubles are over. The body is that of Miss Roff. I recognize and claim it."

"Is she dead?"

"Yes, and cold. She must have fallen through the hole in the floor above. I'll see if there are traces of her presence up there."

He laid down the body and climbed the rickety ladder to the loft. He found here a bed in the straw, a blanket, bones of fowls, scraps of bread, broken ale bottles. Having satisfied himself that the mad woman had spent days and weeks in this singular asylum, he came down the ladder again, and examined the body.

"That wound on her head and the broken ribs testify to the violence of her fall," he said. "I will put the body into my wagon and convey it to the Retreat."

"Won't there have to be any coroner's inquest?"

"I should have too far to go for a coroner, and it would take a week to impannel a jury in this region," said Dr. Parfitt's assistant, rather contemptuously. "I'll take upon myself all the risks of removing her."

He gathered up the body and carried it to his wagon, wrapping it carefully in the blanket which still clung to it. He had a sheet of black water-proof cloth in the long box of his wagon, and having laid the body on a bed of straw, he carefully buttoned down over it the black covering.

Miss Bing brought him a glass of ale, which he drank.

Expressing his thanks to her for having given him the clue which had led to the discovery of Miss Roff's body, the man climbed into his wagon and drove away at a smart gait.

Miss Bing looked after him with a satisfied smile.

She returned to the house and added another page to her letter, sealed it, and walked over to the farmer's cottage. She found the farmer just getting into his wagon. He was going to the market-town. Giving the letter to him with strict injunctions to post it at the earliest possible moment, Miss Bing returned to the Cypresses.

This was the wedding morning of Darrel Moer and Hilda Floyd.

The body of the dead Carmine Moer was being jolted back to the mad-house from which she had escaped, at the very moment when the words were being spoken in the church of St. Jude's which bound Darrel Moer to another woman.

And thus it was that Honor was Honor Glint still, after all her pangs and terrors—a maiden, owing allegiance to no one.

At last she might think tenderly of Sir Hugh Tregaron. At last she might look forward to a union with him.

It seemed that but a day remained between her and liberty. But in the twenty-four hours succeeding Moer's marriage to Hilda Floyd, events were to take a turn that shadowed Honor's fate more darkly than ever. There yawned before her a peril more frightful than any of which she had dreamed—a fate so dark and terrible that it was well for her the future could not be unvailed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SIBYL'S STORY.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

It was with a throbbing heart that Sibyl Darrell took a little roll of manuscript in her hand, over which she had wept and dreamed and smiled with all the fond enthusiasm of a born genius, and walked up to the Owl Centre Hotel, where Miss Caroline Vane was staying.

Miss Vane was an authoress—a middle-aged, high-complexioned girl, with snapping black eyes.

"Ah," said Miss Vane graciously: she was sitting at a table with an alabaster inkstand before her, a pile of books and papers gracefully scattered around, and a bouquet of flowers close by. "You are the teacher in the dear little rustic school-house. I remember—oh dear, yes. I put that school-house in my last story. I'll send you a copy, when it's printed, if you like."

"O, thank you," said Sibyl, coloring and faltering. "But I have come to ask a very, very great favor of you, Miss Vane."

Sibyl's cheeks grew red as she hesitatingly produced her roll of manuscript.

"It is this," she faltered. "I—would you—I know it must seem presumptuous, but I have written a story, and—"

"O!" said Miss Vane. "Exactly. And you wish me to read it?"

"To read it," said Sibyl Darrell, "and, if possible, to assist me to some probable channel of publication."

"That's not so easy," said Miss Vane frigidly. "However, since you have brought it here, you may leave it. I will glance over it when I find time, and, if it seems suitable, send it to some periodical."

Sibyl Darrell waited and waited, but no word came from the brilliant authoress at the hotel. But at length, one evening, she met her walking in the quiet country lanes, with a tall, handsome gentleman sauntering at her side.

"Miss Vane," she said breathlessly, while the color went and came fitfully in her cheeks, "pray excuse me for interrupting you, but did you send that story?"

"Of course I did," said Caroline impatiently. "Didn't I promise you I would?"

"Yes, I know—but—was it published?"

"Respectfully declined," said Miss Vane, shrugging her shoulders. "I told you so."

Poor Sibyl shrank and paled as Miss Vane turned away; nor did she venture to ask any further questions. She merely turned away, and glided into the leafy umbrage like a vanishing Dryad.

"A pretty face that," said the gentleman. "Who is she?"

"Oh, a little country *protégée* of mine," said Caroline, with unblushing effrontery. "Now come on, or we shall be too late for the little cascade in the woods, Mr. Moreau."

But Mr. Moreau somehow seemed to have lost all his interest in cascades and woodland rambles. He declared himself tired out, melted with heat, tormented by musquitoes. Caroline Vane could not comprehend him at all.

"Pardon me—but cannot I do something to help assuage this grief?"

Sibyl Darrell started up from the fallen tree, close to which she had been crouching, her tear-stained cheeks the color of scarlet, and her eyes shining like those of a startled deer, as she recognized the gentleman she had seen an hour ago with Caroline Vane.

Sibyl was young and heart-sick; Mr. Moreau was gentle and kindly and sympathetic; and in five minutes she had impulsively confessed all her troubles.

"I knew it was a silly story," she faltered, "but—"

"Are you quite sure of that?" playfully demanded Mr. Moreau. "Perhaps I should be a better judge of that than you yourself. Do you know that I belong to the fraternity of editors?"

"You, sir?"

He drew a magazine from his pocket.

"If you do not believe me, Miss Darrell, look at this."

And he pointed to the name "Edwin Ellery Moreau" on the corner.

"Your friend, Miss Vane, writes for us," he said. "There is a story of hers in this month's number, a story that has created quite a sensation in reading circles. Look!"

The color vanished from Sibyl's cheek as she read in printed characters the name of the very story she herself had dreamed out in wooded solitudes and along the sunset glen.

"The Pearl of Penrhyn!" she gasped. "Oh, Mr. Moreau, I wrote that! It is the story I gave her—the story she told me was declined!"

He looked intently at her, without speaking, for an instant.

"Can you prove this?" he asked.

"I can show you the original manuscript in my possession at home."

When Miss Vane saw Mr. Moreau next, he walked quietly up to her.

"That was an awkward mistake of yours, Miss Vane."

"What mistake?" Caroline asked sweetly.

"The confounding Miss Darrell's very excellent manuscript with your own productions. You see I know all. It was Sibyl Darrell, not yourself, that wrote 'The Pearl of Penrhyn.'"

And Caroline's deep blush spoke the confession her lips were unwilling to frame.

Miss Vane was a shallow, false-natured person; but her heart, what little there was of it, was given to Edwin Moreau, and this sudden blighting of all her hopes was bitterness indeed. And she had to thank that pink-cheeked, dewy-eyed Sibyl Darrell for it all.

"I wish I never had seen her, or her trashy story," she sobbed, when left once more to her own reflections.

"You must write another story, Miss Darrell," said the editor; and Sibyl wrote it; and about three months later, Sibyl astonished her grandmother Darrel by telling her she was to be married to Edwin Moreau.

"And all this comes o' story-writin'," said the old lady meditatively.

But then all "contributors" are not beauties, and all editors are not young, good looking and unmarried.

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

Kindness to Animals—The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty.

Kindness to animals has always, from the earliest times, been inculcated as a moral duty. "A righteous man regardeth his beast," saith the Bible. It is the instinct of a man of humane nature to be careful and considerate of the comfort and wants of dumb animals that are dependent upon him.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in this city, is supposed by many people to be the first institution of the kind ever established; but such a society has existed in London for a great many years. At first it encountered opposition and ridicule; and it was only by discreet and wise management that it was established and preserved.

Indeed a good deal of common-sense and tact are requisite to commend such a society to public favor, and we have, of late, painfully realized the great jeopardy in which the singular conduct of Mr. HENRY BERGH is placing the organization of which he is president.

When his eccentricities first began to manifest themselves, it was said in extenuation of them that it required just such a man—"a man of one idea and half cracked"—to devote himself to such business, and that many reformers had been partially insane.

This may be very true; but Mr. BERGH has acted lately, not as if he were "half cracked," but as if he were wholly cracked. Some of his letters to the public read like the productions of a man "clean gan daft." He talks, not as if he were a man, but a demi-god. He assumes powers which, under our free and republican form of government, are never delegated to any body. His conduct is at once arrogant, silly and tyrannical. In his mad zeal for the rights of animals he forgets entirely the more important rights of persons. He makes himself so very ridiculous, that one is compelled to believe him insane, or to conclude that, instead of being an enlightened philanthropist, he is a mere seeker after personal notoriety at the expense of the public convenience.

We earnestly desire to see the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals sustained. We believe it capable of great good. But we cannot help perceiving that the follies of Mr. BERGH are the greatest obstacles in its way, and that unless they are abated they threaten to put an end to the very existence of the Society.

We understand that there has been a great deal of complaint about Mr. BERGH during the epidemic, for stopping cars, when he stops them at all, at places which occasion the greatest inconvenience to passengers. People say, very reasonably, that if he wants to interfere in reference to the car horses, he should go or send some of his agents to the stables before the horses are taken out, and forbid the use of such as he considers too sick to work.

Instead of that, he waits until a car gets half way down town, and then orders the horses removed, leaving the passengers to get along as they can.

One man, in particular, said he had horses at home in the country very sick, and requiring his attention; but Mr. BERGH, by removing the horses from the car on which he was making his way to the ferry, had kept him in the city over night.

Others who have been greatly inconvenienced and injured in their business, threatened to bring actions against Mr. BERGH for damages, and to test his right to interfere in such an arbitrary manner with the rights of American citizens.

It is evident that Mr. BERGH will have to be removed from his office, and some man of better judgment and more common-sense put in his place, or the days of this Society—capable of accomplishing so much good—are already numbered.

◆

Honest Thieves.

In looking over some old dramatic works, we were struck with the title of one: "Honest Thieves, a Farce."

It occurred to us that this was quite applicable to the present times. It seems that "Honest Thieves" was played many years ago; it is played now; but both then and now it is always the same—*a farce!*

Great reforms are constantly promised. A new order of things, we are told, is to be established. Great improvements are to be made.

But when we come to inquire into it, we find that, in reality, it is only proposed to put some new thieves, who are called "honest thieves," in place of the old ones. Let it be borne in mind that the whole thing is a farce.

◆

Reform in Dress.

The young ladies of the first class in the High School at Portland, Me., think that they are handsome enough without much artificial ornament; so they have determined to dress in a very plain manner, and to wear but little jewelry. They are quite right, both in their premises and their resolution.

"Can I Afford to Get Married?"

This is the burden, not of scores only, but of hundreds of letters of inquiry addressed to the *Ledger*.

"I am a young man, and am receiving a moderate salary, on which I manage to live and lay up a little something. I am deeply in love with a young lady who is about two years my junior. She appears to reciprocate my regard, and does not receive attentions from any one else. Do you think that I can afford to get married?"

Thus, substantially, they write.

We reply, Yes, you *can* afford to get married, if you *will* afford it. It all rests with yourself and the young lady. If you both deliberately make up your minds that you care more for each other than for anybody or anything else; that you are willing to practice the economy and self-denial to live, not merely on your income, but within it, so as always to be laying aside something, as the saying is, "for a rainy day," then you can afford to get married.

If, however, your passion is but a fleeting emotion; if, having caged your bird, you are going to leave it to pine in loneliness; if you cannot do without wines and cigars, and other deleterious or useless luxuries; if you must trifle away time and money with dissipated companions; if, having decided on wholesome rules of life, you have not the firmness to adhere to them and carry them out, then you cannot afford to get married.

There are a great many arguments in favor of getting married, where the match is really a love-match. Life, even at the longest, is short. Its greatest enjoyment is in reciprocal affection. Sweeter than the perfume of flowers is the fragrance of mutual love. It is the life and the light of existence. It enhances its sunshine, and relieves the darkness and gloom which, in the providence of God, gather at intervals over the pathway of all.

Well doth the poet say:

> "For marriage, rightly understood,
> Is, to the virtuous and the good,
> A paradise below."

Then why should one postpone the enjoyment of that paradise?

A married man has advantages in his business over a single man. He more readily acquires the confidence of people in general, because, among other reasons, it is felt that he has a greater stake in the community. Then the habits which are naturally incident to married life are those of regularity and sobriety, which win esteem.

The pleasure and repose of a home of one's own are calculated to make a man stronger and better, more thoughtful, more resolute, more successful.

You *can* afford to get married, if you *will*.

N. B.—Young ladies are particularly cautioned not to call the attention of their beaux to the above article.

◆

Wide Disparity in the Punishment of Crime.

Recorder HACKETT recently sentenced a man to twenty years' hard labor in the State prison for a highway robbery, in which a trifle over two dollars was taken from the person of the complainant.

On the same day the Recorder sentenced a man to *two* years' imprisonment for kicking and beating his own mother so that she died.

Yet Recorder HACKETT was right in both these sentences.

He was right in the first one, because the prisoner was an old offender, and he prefaced the sentence with the remark:

"Warren, you are a hardened ruffian, and have already served two terms in the State's prison. The lives of citizens are not safe while you and your gang infest the city."

The Recorder was right in the second case, because a plea of manslaughter in the fourth degree had been accepted from the prisoner, and the court cannot inflict more than two years' imprisonment for that offence. In passing this sentence the Recorder remarked that while it was the highest penalty the law allows, any man who strikes his mother ought to be imprisoned for life.

But whether, under the circumstances, the plea of guilty of manslaughter in the fourth degree should have been accepted from the prisoner is another question. The punishment seems altogether inadequate to the offence.

◆

Women and Dress.

Do women talk about anything but dress? Sometimes we doubt it.

As you pass a pair of them in the street, you catch such bits of conversation as these:

"Four flounces and a bias fold."

"Hers had fringe."

"They are worn longer than ever now."

"Black silk is so genteel."

"I know it was made at home. She may say it was imported from Paris, but I know better."

"I'm going to have mine faced with velvet."

You sit opposite them in the cars, and it is the same thing. In church two bonnets touch each other, and a soft whisper of "Pompadour style" reaches you.

You go to a wedding, and it is the bride's dress that is discussed; and, absolutely, we have heard ladies who had just shed tears over the solemn burial service of a friend, allude to the width of the hem on a crape vail, or the cost of the stuff in a mourning dress.

Clothes, clothes, clothes! How we *look*—not what we *do*—always; how we *appear*, not what we *are!*

It is necessary to give some attention to these subjects, but it may be possible to frit life away on them so entirely that there is nothing left for better things.

◆

A New Invention Needed.

Who will invent a housework machine for us that will take as many steps in proportion to the house-maid's steps, as the sewing machine takes stitches in proportion to the needle of the seamstress; something that we can wind up in the morning, and be at ease about? Even if we have to turn a crank we won't mind very much.

In other words, what we want is a steam servant girl. Fire made, breakfast served, washing done—all the rest of our little affairs accomplished without any hitches. How we shall bless the man who invents it.

Even if it does explode or "collide" occasionally, we sha'n't mind it much. It will not be so bad as a sudden departure of the laundress at noon on "wash day," or a tumultuous retreat of the kitchen army. And even if it should "go off" just before a dinner party, the probabilities are that you would go off with it, and that "subsequent proceedings would interest you no more." M. K. D.

◆

Fashion in Candy—The American Preferred.

[From the Poughkeepsie Press.]

Strange, but there are fashions in candy even. For years French candy has been the fashionable sort, and now the native manufacture—peppermint stick and (can we believe it?) taffy—are most sought after by our sweet-consuming belles.

KINDNESS TO HORSES.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

One good effect of modern speculation, if it shall show that man was developed from a lower condition in the animal kingdom, it is to be hoped, will be to beget a kinder feeling toward our former kindred and companions! Such speculations are in no danger of bringing the human race down to the brute, but may, and should incline men to raise the animal kingdom so high as to bring them within the range of sympathy and kindness. The habit of treating animals with unkindness is bad, not only as creating unnecessary suffering, but as hardening the heart, and rendering it less likely to be tender toward the human kind.

Our children are educated to disregard, and often to feel and express the utmost repugnance to the great mass of animal life. That noxious insects and dangerous animals should be avoided, affords no reason why we should raise a prejudice against the vast bulk of harmless things which, in their own short day, have as much right to enjoyment as we have.

The great epidemic among horses brings home to men their dependence upon these faithful servants. There is no animal living that performs for man so much service, and has for itself so little provision made for its enjoyment, as the horse. Men seem to think that it was made to work for man, and had no rights which a white man is bound to respect.

Day by day he is expected to employ all his force for another. He is poorly fed, poorly housed, poorly tended; often forced by sharpest punishments to strain every nerve to move excessive loads; and when the day is over, shut up in unventilated holes, to shift for himself as best he may. The horse is a mere wheel in the vast machinery of industry, and is treated as if he had as little feeling as an iron wheel.

Next to the dog, the horse is organized with susceptibilities like the human race. He is conscious of good treatment, is grateful for it; is wounded by bad treatment, and resents it. That his imperfect reason and rudimentary emotive nature are far below man's, does not change the fact that the horse has in him the *beginnings*—the remote germs—of those dispositions which constitute manhood.

Let any one consider the stables of those who aim to treat their horses humanely. The horse is shut up in a narrow stall, haltered so that variety of motion is impossible; either without light, or with windows so placed that he can see nothing that is going on day or night.

It is solitary confinement in a cell. If he is worked regularly, this is not so very bad; but gentlemen's horses, often for days, and sometimes for weeks, are thus closely shut up, without company, occupation, or the slightest thing for eye, ear, or any feeble inward sense. Because he is fed regularly and grows fat, men think that he is well cared for.

What shall be said of the holes, the mere cupboards, the cellars, in cities, in which horses are shut up?

These things are seldom or never alluded to, and only that is cried out against which amounts to blows, or deprivation of food, or forced work when feeble or sick.

These things cannot be remedied by mere law. They require that men be taught to cherish kindly feeling—tenderness—toward the whole animal kingdom beneath man.

It is true that horses which are valuable for uncommon qualities are treated with great care, and often are even pampered. But this is making an aristocracy of fine animals, and conferring upon it all the kindness and care that belong to the great equine democracy.

If the distemper which has so suddenly withdrawn from service so large a part of every kind of horses shall incline men to a better appreciation of what they owe to them, and to study wiser ways of treating them, it will be a blessing rather than a curse.

Meantime death is reaping a harvest. The loss of horses will be felt by many. To large stage and car lines, express companies, and men of means, it is rather an inconvenience to lose horses than a calamity; but to poor men, hucksters, draymen, peddlers, who own a single animal, and by it earn a livelihood for their families, the loss of a horse is bankruptcy—it was their whole capital.

It is the horses of such men that are likely to die, because they were obliged to buy low-priced and usually much-worn animals; they have had to work them incessantly. When the epidemic fell, while others could give rest to their sick horses, these poor men were obliged to force them to their tasks; nor could they even give them, between whiles, such medical treatment as others could afford, but they could not. *The destruction of the poor,* saith the proverb, *is their poverty.*

It would be a great humanity to assist poor laboring men to replace the horses which they lose in this plague.

◆

How is Your Horse?

Now that the general salutation of friends who meet each other is not, How are you? but, How's your horse? our minds are naturally turned to the usefulness of that animal, and the great loss he would be to us were we deprived of him. But somehow or other—it's the way of the world no doubt, but it isn't a grateful way—our sympathies are expended on the master and owner of the poor beast, rather than on himself.

"Poor Mr. Jones! all his horses are ill." "Poor Mrs. Brown! that little pony is down with the epidemic." Poor everybody—his horse, her horse. Their horses are ill.

Nobody exclaims, "Poor Dobbin! he was awake all last night with his epizootic." Nobody sighs, "Poor Romeo! *such* a cold in his head and no pocket handkerchief."

The loss of the almighty dollar to man swallows up everything else, and though one does find outside of most stables a profane personage in shirt sleeves mixing plasters and bewailing his hard fate in that his horse cannot be driven, the horse and his sufferings seem to be forgotten by a race of beings who are themselves liable to influenza, and know what it is—or ought to.

◆

Two Boys Locked in a Safe—A Narrow Escape.

[From the Chicago Post.]

A few evenings ago, after the labors of the day were over, the clerks in a prominent business house on Fourth street locked up two of the boys in a safe. The parties outside were ignorant of the combination, and the joke assumed a serious aspect. One of the prisoners knew the combination, but was unable to operate it from the position in which he was placed. After several ineffectual attempts to open the door, one of the clerks started at a break-neck pace to secure the assistance of the book-keeper, who resided some six or eight blocks from the store. As may be supposed, the supply of oxygen in the safe was by this time nearly exhausted, and the lungs of the boys not being fitted with a hydrogen attachment, their situation was rather precarious. The book-keeper and the clerk covered the ground rapidly, and arrived at the door in something less than Dexter time. In the mean time one of the boys in the safe became insensible, but the other managed to impart to those on the outside information which enabled them to open the iron prison. They oungsters soon recovered, but it will be some time before their jailers recover from the scare caused by their foolish experiment.

◆

Do Not Put Your Head Out of a Car Window.

[From the Newburgh Journal.]

A gentleman who arrived by the 2.55 train over the Erie in this city, reports that near Passaic a passenger who had his head out of the window was struck by a bridge and had his brains dashed out, the body being drawn out of the window of the car.

"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE."

BY REV. J. HALL, D. D., NEW YORK.

George P. Morris did not live on Fifth Avenue, New York. The man who wrote,

> "Woodman, spare that tree!
> Touch not a single bough!
> In youth it sheltered me,
> And I'll protect it now,"

would not have stood, or lived, tamely by, and seen "Egyptian hair dye" stuck on a tin plate opposite his hall door, on the side of a noble tree that sheltered him and his. We have gone very far, in our cities, in the interests of trade. No doubt there are incidental advantages about such concessions of public property to private uses. It is a great advantage, when walking the streets, to have goods you may possibly want some day all around you—notions "to right of you, notions to left of you." Wagons and drays in double rows show that the streets are not above their business; and the undertakers, when they set up on the side-path a wooden structure, with a full-length portrait of a coffin on each of its four sides, furnish a cheap sermon, an impressive *memento mori* to all passers-by. It is better than Philip's slave, paid to remind him as he carried up his hot water for shaving every morning, "Remember thou art mortal." It is a contribution to public morality, and perhaps accounts for the high tone of feeling and the chastened demeanor of the population so favored. They are probably—the undertakers, we mean—giving a helping hand to the clergy, in return for the privilege afforded them of advertising on the walls of the "sacred edifices," a privilege not yet conceded to monthly nurses, medical men, and lawyers, though it would be hard to show on what ground it is withheld from them, for people have as much need, and as good a right to be born, and to be cured, and to have their wills made, as to be buried. Indeed, a severe logician might argue that the last requirement is the one that can best afford to wait.

But the hair dye ought to be resented, and if a vigilance committee be organized to abate the nuisance on the trees, the present writer will—not join it, that would hardly be "clerical"—but give it all moral support, provided the committee is moderate in its aims. He would not have the advertisers swung from the trees, but he would see no objection to placing their offensive bits of tin beside those other "business notices" which are affixed to the curb-stone, and are elegantly described as "gutter-snipes."

Alas! for the trees! An immense portion of America has no mountains. We compliment the Alleghanies, and other wooded eminences, by calling them so; but of even these we have no great proportion. Mansard roofs and church spires are the loftiest objects to be seen over much of this country. All the more need, therefore, of the trees to give variety, beauty, and other and more substantial advantages.

But we are not able, or willing, to keep them. Even through the Adirondacks the tanners buy the hills, cut out the hemlock, and leave the disfigured landscape to the flames of the first reckless scamp that chooses to set them on fire. Or the lumber speculators buy out the beech, or the birch, and they hack and hew whatever is in their way in cutting and carrying off what they want. In our streets, where used to be graceful trees, we have telegraph poles, decorated with filthy advertisements, and in the country we are getting a dead level, unbroken by those groves which Mr. Bryant says were "God's first temples," and for cutting down which we may well be counted heathen.

We do not count this a mere matter of sentiment. Of course it is a pity that we should lose "the crimson tree" 'neath which

> "Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
> Nor mark within its roseate canopy
> Her blush of maiden shame,"

particularly as we never had, and cannot have,

> "The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
> For talking age and whispering lovers made."

But if Americans, like the ruthless invaders of early oriental times, and like the more modern Mohammedans, proceed to "fell every good tree," they will find by and by some difficulty in getting other green things to grow. The barrenness of Palestine is now a wonder to many. Its former fertility and teeming population seem to be almost incredible. It is now parched, and kept barren by drought. But the drought is in part the product of its *tree-lessness*. Its hills and valleys were covered with trees, and it was kept thereby from drought. The hills about Jerusalem were verdant with the olive, as is proved by the fact that their roots, grubbed up out of the soil, have often been the staple of the fuel for the wretched inhabitants of Jerusalem.

By and by we shall begin to feel the want of timber, and by that time land will have become too valuable to give up to a crop of wood, and we shall have long lines of melancholy poplars, as in France, keeping watch over dreary reaches of Jersey mud, or darker Western loam, planted there because they grow rapidly and take up little room. Can we have a law requiring the planting of trees in the room of those we cut down? or is it impossible to legislate on a matter of that kind? Is it too near an interference with every man's right to do what he will with his own? But one may do with his own so as to injure his neighbors. Will our newspaper writers address themselves to this question? Why should we not have a commissioner or board on woods and forests? To appeal to the feeling of the men who are now desolating the country is useless. If they had been put down in Paradise, it is not at all a wild supposition that their first step would have been to calculate how many feet of lumber the place contained. But the sense of safety of practical men may be appealed to, and they will be true friends of the country who will preserve its timber, not only to yield "in summer shade, in winter fire," but to retain the moisture, attract the showers, and preserve the fertility of mother earth.

The value of trees let alone is nowhere better seen than in California. The wealthy people of San Francisco have been attracted to one region within easy distance of the city, mainly by trees. The old settlers differed from the Indians, (who often kindled fires at the foot of the finest trees, and destroyed them—many of the "big trees" are thus ruined,) and from us, in that they left the live-oaks. There they stand, or lean, as if growing tired—old, gnarled, venerable, spreading. You have only to build a good house beside and among them, and it is a manorial residence as much as if it had been there five hundred years. All the look of newness—one almost says, vulgarity—is banished. The trees redeem the place from upstart commonness. Any fool could have cut down one of these pillars of respectability in a few hours; and it would take centuries to replace it.

◆

Firing a Ball Cartridge by Mistake.

The Editor of the Richmond (Va.) *Guide* says:

Some twenty years ago or more, the writer of this was, on a Fourth of July, standing on the Square, clothed in the toggery of a Richmond Blue, waiting in line to fire the national salute common in those days. The volley of the company just beside his own was followed by screams and commotion in the vast crowd present. The cry was immediately heard, "A man killed!" Somebody had forgotten to unload his musket, and an unfortunate gentleman from Petersburg, named Brown, had had his skull blown away. He presented a ghastly sight. The salute was suspended, and the soldiers left the Square.

IN MEMORIAM.

SARA PAYSON PARTON.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

They tell us, friend, that thou hast gone before us;
That in "Sweet Auburn's" cypress shade—
Whose gates the tides of sorrow backward roll,
Whose saddening gloom chills many a stricken soul—
A grave for *thee* has just been made!

The shadowy hands of saints long since departed
Have led thee forward to the unseen shore;
Love's stars are dimmed—we only see, through tears,
A black funereal pall—for Hope, that cheers,
The tolling bell mocks evermore.

It seemeth best, dear friend, that thou should'st leave us
Just when the wailing west wind grieves
O'er song birds mute, and summer's dying flowers:
Thou wast their lover;—now the solemn hours
Are draped by Autumn's falling leaves.

Thy years were not all joy and cloudless sunshine—
Life's burdens and its woes were thine;
But, over and above them all, thy soul,
Strong for the conflict, sought Truth's shining goal,
And there thou mad'st thy daily shrine.

In Truth's clear light, thy voice and pen were sickles,
Sharp-edged for vice, and cant, and wrong;
But for the silver head and tottering feet,
Or winsome childhood, they were soft and sweet,
And rippling as a maiden's song.

We joy to know that our poor hearts are better
For words of sympathy and love
That, week by week, in living tones, have come
Fresh from thy fertile mind to many a home,
Falling like manna from above.

Thy sun has set, and friends are left lamenting;
But as, beneath the wintry snows,
The seed awaits Spring's resurrection-day,
Thy soul must leave its tenement of clay
To the cold tomb's repose.

But it shall rise anew, in realms of gladness,
With visions of the angels blest;
And like pure gold released from its alloy,
Shall shine resplendent in its purer joy,
Partaking heaven's perfect rest.

◆

"PUT TO BED WITHOUT SUPPER."

What a mistake some good people make when they maintain, within the home circle, the rigid rule and decorum which become irksome even during a committee meeting: when parents and children assemble at table in solemn silence, and finish the meal within the prescribed minutes, that dish-washing may commence at exactly the proper moment; when the late arrival at the breakfast table is scowled at, and reprimanded and remarked upon, by mother and father, and aunt and uncle, until the more punctual juniors come to regard him as a black sheep; when whoso delays to bolt his meal within the time employed in that operation by the others is stared at solemnly, and in a sort of excommunicatory manner by the rest, if full grown, and probably loses his dessert entirely, if a minor.

Oh, horrible home, where the little boys are never seen without their Latin grammar, or the little girls without a towel to hem; where pa no more dares to lean his head against the wall than ma dares buy a rattle for the baby without mentioning the expenditure to pa; where nobody dares to throw open the parlor shutters, or to tuck up the curtains, or to have bread and jam out of hours, or even at table to have more of this dish or less of that!

The small boy who "hates fat" is not accommodated, as Jack Sprat's wife was, by anybody. The tall girl who naturally likes pudding has her triangular wedge, and no more; while the eldest son, outgrowing his liking for the dish, is reproved for the leaving of a piece on his plate.

Order and good housekeeping are charming, but the good order of a prison and the regular supply of rations necessary in a poor-house, are not suitable for home.

Home is no home unless, as far as reason will allow, the tastes and wishes of the youngest child are consulted; unless there is freedom of word and action and speech, and love and good-will without measure.

When I was a child, home was the place where the wicked ceased from troubling, and the weary were at rest. Everything was always forgiven there. There was no awful rod behind the door, and no domestic dungeon under the roof.

I do not think I grew up a worse woman because I was not whipped, or put to bed without my supper, for dressing the bed-post in grandmother's best lace cap, or making paper dolls, against orders, in the front parlor—because life was not made a burden to me by forcing soft egg and fat into my unwilling mouth, and candy forbidden it as though it were poison.

I could shed tears over the wretched homeless children of the house where discipline as strict as that of the navy is maintained, though their fare is costly and the dress perfect, and their future prospects as to inheritance fine. They are more to be pitied than the children of any poor man, who cluster about their parents' knees without any fear of chiding; who are encouraged to tell their troubles, and kindly led away from follies; and who will not, in later days, remember "pa" as the old gentleman who flogged them, and "ma" as the lady who kept the keys, and snapped their ears for them.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

◆

Old Turtles—One Aged Thirty-six, and One Two Hundred and Twenty Years.

[From the Hartford Times.]

In the year 1836 I found a good sound turtle in my meadow, which I marked with the initials of my name and the date. A few days since I found the same old turtle on the same ground. He did not appear to have changed much, nor show any marks of old-age.

Turtles live to a great age. In a document preserved among the archives of one of the old cathedrals of England there is an account of an old turtle kept in a garden at Petersborough that was known to have been about two hundred and twenty years old. He was so tame, and so much attached to the gardener, that he would run to meet him, and would eat out of his hand.

In cloudy weather he would scoop out a cavity in the ground, where he would repose, torpid and inactive, until the warmth of the sun roused him from his slumber. About the beginning of October he went into his winter quarters, selecting, for many years, a particular corner of the garden, where he would dig a hole in an inclined direction, and enter the ground in the manner of a mole. The depth to which he penetrated varied with the character of the approaching season, being from one to two feet, according as the following winter was mild or severe. For about a month before entering his dormitory he took no food. He came out about the first of April, and waited about two weeks before taking any sustenance.

WILLARD GRIFFIN.

◆

"He Never Held an Office."

[From the Boston (Mass.) Daily News.]

Apropos of office-seeking, a wealthy and benevolent gentleman of this city is so firmly persuaded that in order to be elected to office a man must stoop to some small, if not absolutely mean action, that he requests his friends to inscribe upon his tombstone the words, "He never held an office," thinking that such an epitaph will be sufficient indication of a life of integrity. There are many in the community who will agree with him.

◆

A Little Boy Attacked by Rats.

[From the Albany (N. Y.) Knickerbocker.]

A little boy three years old, named Surpenow, whose parents reside near the Star Mill, Cohoes, had one of his toes nearly eaten off night before last by an army of rats that infested his bed. The boy sleeps alone in an attic room, and it was some time after the attack of the rats before his cries reached his parents on the lower floor.

◆

—How often it happens that in our relations with the people around us we forgive them more readily for what they *do*, which they *can* help, than for what they *are*, which they *cannot* help.

FOREBODED.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Now, in the ghostly brightness
  Of the Autumn drawing near,
The boding sad September chants
  The death song of the year;
While the golden rod and the sumac
  Their kindling torches wave
In the van of the funeral pageant
  That beareth him to the grave,

Where, low in her lonely chamber,
  The beautiful Spring-time lies,
Ashes of death on the gold of her hair,
  And dust on the blue of her eyes;
Where the fallen Summer sleepeth,
  Nor dreams of her empire lost,
Her broken sceptre slipping down
  From her fair hands idly crost:

Nor heeds she the wild complaining
  Of the sombre sea afar,
And the gusty sorrow of mountain pines
  Under the Evening Star;
Nor the hollow moan of the woodlands,
  The winds' mysterious grief,
Nor the monotone of brooks that chant
  The fall of the fading leaf.

No more in the sunny hollows
  The painted hare-bell glows,
And the feet of the white rain tramples out
  The red of the dying rose;
And yonder the leafy summits
  Flash with a stealthy fire,
Fanned by the Angel of Frost that lights
  The Autumn's funeral pyre.

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF “THE BOY MAGICIAN,” “RED KNIFE,” “THE BROKEN HOME,” “EDDY'S SEARCH,” “THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR,” “MARK HEBER'S LUCK,” ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CAPTAIN PEDDER AGAIN AT DESOLATION.

The man whose prominent figure upon the deck of the yacht had caught Miss Pedder's eye was indeed her brother. The fact was placed beyond all question as the two vessels came nearer to each other.

“Is that really you, Ruth?” called Capt. Pedder, when his yacht was within a hundred yards of the clipper, and his sister had begun to wave her handkerchief to him.

“Yes, it is I, Luke!”

“And you are quite well again—quite recovered from your illness?”

“As you see.”

Capt. Hooper here lifted his cap to his fellow-commander, and shouted:

“I am glad to see you again, Captain Pedder. You are well, I hope?”

“Yes, as hearty as ever; and you can say the same for yourself, if your face may be taken as evidence.”

“Well, yes, I'm the same man you've always known me to be, in the matter of health. I'll heave to, if you like, and you can come aboard to see us.”

“Thank you, I shall be glad to do so,” returned Pedder. “I'll be with you immediately.”

The two vessels were at once hove to within a few rods of each other, and not more than a mile from the entrance of the harbor, and Capt. Pedder lost no time in ordering out a boat and in transferring himself to the deck of the clipper.

He was received with outstretched arms and a hearty embrace from his sister, whose joy at seeing him was greatly intensified by the disappointment under which he found her smarting.

As to Capt. Hooper and the other old friends of Pedder aboard of the clipper, they crowded around him with every demonstration of friendship and good feeling.

“And now tell us how you happen to be here,” said Hooper, as soon as the conventional greetings of the occasion were over. “How does it happen that you have reached Desolation nearly as soon as ourselves?”

“Why, there's no mystery at all in the affair,” rejoined Pedder, as he looked down into the eyes of his sister and stroked her hair with a positive relief and pleasure. “A few words will explain everything. You had scarcely left your wharf in New York when I conceived such a terrible anxiety about my sister that I could neither eat nor sleep. I said to myself that I had been a fool and a rascal to let her start upon such a voyage in such a condition of mind. Within forty-eight hours after you sailed, my dear Hooper, I was in a state of anxiety bordering upon insanity. I figured to myself a thousand calamities and miseries to which my sister's voyage was exposing her, and at length I reached such a point of self-reproach and apprehension that I resolved to sail in quest of her.”

“I see, my dear Pedder. You resolved to follow us, and as there was no clipper or other ship about to voyage in this direction, you chartered the fastest yacht you could find, and instantly set sail in our wake.”

“Well, that's about the way it happened,” smiled Pedder, “only instead of chartering the *Enchantress*, I was obliged to buy her, and to pay cash down for her too.”

“Oh, this is the *Enchantress* then?” asked Hooper, as his eyes roved admiringly over the hull and rigging of the yacht. “I don't wonder that you have made such a quick voyage in her, favored as you have been with such fine weather. She always had a clean pair of heels. And so you have bought her out and out to fly to your sister's rescue? Curse me, Pedder, if I had any idea of your being one half so affectionate!”

“Oh, you don't know him, Captain Hooper,” Miss Pedder hastened to say, as she again embraced her brother, and wondered how much truth there was in the explanation he had given of his presence. “He has always shown that same affection for me. His letting me come here to look for Hawley, when he supposed that he was merely gratifying the whim of an insane woman, is a striking proof of his regard for me.”

“And so it is—now that you mention the fact,” assented Hooper. “Well, well, let us all rejoice and be happy. Your sister has recovered her senses, as you see, my dear Pedder, and as you hoped that she would. She had quite an adventure ashore—an adventure of which I have not learned all the particulars—but of which she can give you the details herself, for I suppose that you will wish to take charge of her at once?”

“Well, yes—that is a duty I owe to you, Captain Hooper, no less than to myself. She must have been a great trouble to you, undoubtedly—”

“No, no—not the slightest. She has been sick nearly all the time, and kept close to her state-room. If any thanks are due to anybody, they are due to her attendants, Mr. and Mrs. Gawler.”

“Yes, sir, to us, Mr. and Mrs. Gawler,” spoke up the masculine member of this family at this moment, as he thrust himself and dragged his wife immediately under and into Pedder's notice.

“Ah, yes—Mr. and Mrs. Gawler,” said Pedder, with a dubious tone and manner, as he nodded to each of them. “Glad to see you again; and particularly pleased to find that you have been faithful to the confidence I placed in you. Go and get my sister's trunk, Gawler, and take it to my boat.”

“We are to go in the yacht then?”

“Yes, we are going in the yacht. I dare say that Captain Hooper has had quite enough of us.”

“No, I haven't,” said Hooper, as he took Pedder's arm in his, and drew him away toward the cabin. “I want you to drink a glass of wine with me, in memory of this happy occasion.”

“I shall do so with pleasure.”

The two men entered the cabin together.

“The fact is,” resumed Hooper, after giving his steward his orders, “everything has turned out splendidly. Your sister has not only recovered her senses, as you have seen for yourself, but it turns out that Hawley is really alive—”

“Is it possible? I was about to inquire of you as to all that business. Alive, you say? How has it all happened?”

“Why, instead of tumbling from the cliff, as you and Mr. Moody and all the rest supposed, Hawley was knocked in the head by some old ruffian of a crazy man that happened to be living here, and was carried off to a cave in the interior of the island. But he has related his adventures to your sister, and I will leave to her the whole task of telling you what they are. Shall you return to New York immediately?”

“In all probability—especially if such is my sister's wishes. I am in need of fresh water, however, and shall remain here long enough to fill my casks.”

“Then good luck be with you until I see you again in New York,” said Hooper. “I would drop anchor and visit with you until afternoon, only such a course would hardly meet the approbation of our owners.”

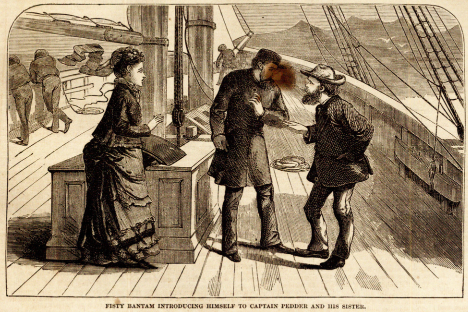
“Don't think of it. Business is business. I should be glad to visit with you, of course, but I can wait for that pleasure until we return to New York. Such a fine breeze as we are now having is not to be thrown away lightly. I thank you heartily for all you have done for my sister, and hope to have the pleasure of reciprocating—although not in kind—at an early day.”

“Enough on that head. You know that I'm glad to do you a favor.”

A few further expressions of good-will were exchanged, as the two commanders emptied their bottle, and then they returned to the deck, each intent upon going his own way—Captain Hooper to resume his voyage to Australia, and Captain Pedder to transfer himself, with his sister and her attendants, to his own vessel.

This transfer was soon effected; adieus were uttered between both commanders and both vessels, and the clipper stood on her way to the eastward, while the yacht crept quietly into Christmas Harbor and came to anchor near the head of the bay.

“And now, for God's sake, a question or two between ourselves,” whispered Miss Pedder to her brother, as soon as the executive of the yacht had gone ashore at the head of his crew to fill the water casks, thus leaving the couple to themselves. “Did you really feel so anxious about me? Was it on my account alone that you bought the yacht and followed us?”



FISTY BANTAM INTRODUCING HIMSELF TO CAPTAIN PEDDER AND HIS SISTER.

“I was anxious about you, of course, but I had other reasons for coming here—reasons of the gravest importance.”

“I said as much to myself while you were talking with Hooper. Something has gone wrong in New York then?”

“Yes, everything.”

“Explain, Luke. You kill me with anxiety.”

“Well, to begin with, Mrs. Hawley knows everything.”

“Knows everything! What do you mean?”

“Why, I mean that she knows all we know about Hawley—at least all I know about him—namely, that he is not dead; that he was abandoned here purposely, in pursuance of a plot concocted between you and me—”

“Impossible!” breathed Miss Pedder, becoming as white as a corpse. “*Impossible!* She cannot know any of these facts. You are mistaken—imposed upon—carried away by your fears—”

The brother interrupted her with a gesture of the most savage and bitter emphasis.

“I wish I were mistaken,” he said. “But the facts are as I have indicated. Do you remember Miss Dail?”

“Remember her? Of course.”

“Do you remember the register hole in the floor of Miss Dail's room?”

There was matter in this question, even without the significance of Pedder's tone, to move the soul of the hearer. She started violently.

“The register hole?” she muttered. “The register hole in Miss Dail's room? It has been years since I thought anything about it. It was directly over the back parlor, I remember. Do you mean that Miss Dail has been eavesdropping, and that she has reported what she has overheard to Mrs. Hawley?”

“That's just what I mean, Ruth,” declared Pedder, with a long-drawn sigh. “Miss Dail must have overheard something, not long after my return to New York, that excited her curiosity, and she was thus incited to listen. Listening, she has come into possession of our whole secret. She has overheard us talking about Hawley on his island, about your projected insanity, about my plans of making myself useful to Mrs. Hawley—in short, the whole truth in the case.”

“And you think she has reported all these discoveries to Mrs. Hawley?”

“*Think!* I know that she has turned over to Mrs. Hawley every fact that has come to her knowledge. Mrs. Piper has so declared to me in the plainest of English.”

“What! has Mrs. Piper also been let into the secret?”

“Of course. All that any one of those women knows is known to all the others. Mrs. Piper, therefore, is duly posted in regard to our plot, and knows its every purpose and development. She proved the fact to me beyond all question by what she said the last time I saw her.”

“You've been to see her, then?”

“Yes. I sent a letter to the house for Mrs. Hawley, and Mrs. Piper opened and read it. She had written authority from Mrs. Hawley to do so, Mrs. Hawley herself being absent.”

“Absent! Where had she gone?”

“She had sailed a week before for the island of Desolation.”

The announcement was developed with sufficient tact and calmness on the part of Pedder, but it seemed to turn his sister to stone. It was a full minute before she could even turn her eyes from the stare of horrible surprise with which she looked upon her brother.

“Coming here?” she finally gasped. “Coming to Desolation? What for?”

“Why, to rescue her husband.”

“And she started a week before you did?”

“Yes; a week or thereabouts.”

“Well, she hasn't arrived yet,” declared Miss Pedder, after a pause, as a faint trace of color came into her face. “In what sort of ship did she sail?”

“In a clipper—the *Ocean Monarch*.”

“You are here first, Luke,” said his sister, with an ugly and revengeful gleam in her eyes. “You have beat her. But are you sure that she is coming here?”

“As sure as I am of drawing another breath. If she hasn't been here already, she is liable to arrive at any moment.”

“Well, she hasn't been here yet—I'm certain of the fact. Her husband—”

“Yes; speak of her husband. I've been waiting ever since I came here to hear something about him. Have you seen him?”

“Yes, I've seen him. He came off to the ship soon after she anchored, but not until I had gone ashore. Hooper told him of his wife's death, and he took it greatly to heart—so much so that he paid little attention to me, and soon went back to his den on some little island around the point yonder.”

“You won't be able to secure him?”

“There's not the least hope of it. In fact he disgusted me. I have no other feeling for him now than contempt and hatred, unless it is a desire for revenge.”

“Good. You begin to be sensible. You found Hawley quite disinclined to notice you? He didn't even wish to be rescued?”

“No. He refused Hooper's offer to take him to Melbourne. It seems that there was a man on the island when you left him here—”

“Is that so? Well, I ought not to be surprised. I don't know as anything will ever again surprise me.”

“Yes, there was a man here at the very moment you left Hawley, and a plenty of other men have been here since, so that he has had company all the time, and wanted for nothing. In fact he is now expecting a friend to arrive from Australia with a ship and all the assistance he needs, and that is why he refused Hooper's offer. And who do you suppose has turned up here, and is now with Hawley? You could never guess who. His wife's uncle, an old East-Indian named Aymar—the very man, in fact, whose letter you intercepted and destroyed.”

The start given by Pedder at this information showed clearly enough that it astonished him.

“Aymar!” he cried. “Did you see this uncle?”

“Yes, I did. He came off to the ship with Hawley, and seemed to feel quite as bad over Mrs. Hawley's reported death as his nephew.”

“Then there is no mistake about his being here?”

“None whatever. He has had a lot of strange adventures—I hardly know what. The only fact I caught distinctly is that he has been chased by pirates!”

“What! *again?* I wonder if he again lost his money? That is a point I must look into. Hooper was telling me that you had an adventure ashore.”

“Yes. I encountered a terrible ruffian—and *there he is now!*”

Starting to her feet, she indicated Bantam, who had indeed reappeared upon the scene, and was descending the nearest slope toward the boats, which had taken aboard their casks of fresh water and were about to return to the yacht.

“So, that is the man, eh?” asked Pedder, regarding Bantam contemptuously. “What did he do to you?”

Miss Pedder related her adventure, and by the time she had concluded, Bantam had reached one of the boats and seated himself in it, after a few words to one of its crew.

“He's bold,” muttered Pedder. “He's coming off to see us!”

So it proved. Less than five minutes had elapsed when Bantam reached the yacht. Pedder met him as soon as he climbed to the deck.

“I'd like to know what this means,” was Pedder's first remark to the intruder. “Did you not insult my sister this morning?”

“This lady is your sister, then?” retorted Bantam, turning an unabashed glance upon Miss Pedder. “Yes, sir, I did insult her, supposing her to be Hawley's friend; but I've seen things since that time which lead me to suppose that she is not so very much his friend after all.”

“His friend? I'm not his friend—oh, curse him!” Miss Pedder could not help saying.

The face of Bantam brightened.

“Good,” he cried warmly. “I see that I was mistaken this morning, and I hasten to apologize humbly. I hate that man Hawley with an awful hatred!”

“You do? Then here's my hand,” returned Pedder. “You cannot hate Hawley more than my sister and I do.”

“Indeed! Do you mean that?”

“Just give us a chance to prove it!”

“Very well, I will. This Hawley has cost me nearly a hundred lives and a million of dollars. Listen!”

And Bantam hastened to tell all that had happened to him since his arrival at the island.

The amazement with which Pedder and his sister listened to these revelations was equalled only by their joy.

“What! there are only three of these men?” was Pedder's comment, when Bantam had concluded.

“Only three, sir. Hawley, the madman—or the man who was lately insane—and one other.”

“I know who that third man is, Bantam. He is the Aymar in question—the old East Indian of whose fortune you have been speaking.”

“Can this be possible?”

“It is even so, as strange as the fact may appear to you. Mr. Aymar has turned up here at the end of a long series of strange adventures, and it seems that he is Hawley's uncle.”

“Then curse them all,” cried Bantam, with a savage bitterness. “I wish they were all in the bottom of the sea!”

“Good! We shall work together, Bantam. You are sure that these three men have the million of dollars so recently in your possession?”

“Yes, sir—perfectly certain.”

“Then the next thing in order is for us to go and take that money from them.”

“Yes, that is the proper course for us to take,” declared Miss Pedder, with all the signs of a revengeful fury. “Will you go with us, Bantam, and divide with us the money?”

“Will I? Oh, help me to this revenge, young lady, and I care not if I die the next minute!”

“Bravo!” cried Pedder. “Nothing more remains to be said. The water is safely aboard, and here comes Tom for orders—Tom Breeling, you know, Ruth. Tom is now my first officer, and he has a dozen men of his own kind with him. We'll all pay Hawley and his friends an immediate visit. Glorious! Let's act at once!”

CHAPTER XL.

A FULL TIDE OF REVENGE.

No time was lost in getting the yacht under way, and a fine breeze was soon wafting her swiftly down the harbor.

“Look to your arms, Tom,” cried Pedder, flushing with joyful anticipations, as he paced to and fro on the deck. “We must be ready for rough work, if it's wanted.”

“The tools are all ready for use, sir,” replied Tom jubilantly, “and I'm glad for one, that we're going to have a chance to use them.”

The dark face of Fisty Bantam, who was also walking the deck, lighted up with a gleam like those in the eyes of a hungry tiger.

“I think we ought to make a clean job of this, Cap'n,” he said to Pedder, drawing near. “We ought to kill these three men.”

“I can well understand the feeling, after what Hawley has caused you to suffer. If I were sure of getting that money—”

He hesitated.

“Well, what then, sir?”

“Why, I should be strongly tempted to act upon your suggestion. In a certain turn of affairs, I should certainly wish to be rid of Hawley forever.”

“In what turn of affairs? Pardon me, Cap'n, if I ask the question, and if I ventures to make a simple suggestion.”

“Speak out, man. What is your suggestion?”

“I would suggest that you takes me into your confidence, just as I've taken you into mine. I've told you all about my experiences with this man Hawley. Suppose you tell me yours? I can see that you are indeed his enemy—his enemy just as much as I am. There's a reason for this enmity, of course. Suppose you tell me what it is? We shall work all the better together by knowing just what stake each has in the matter.”

“One question: Do you think we shall get that million of dollars?”

“That depends,” answered Bantam, with a look that seemed to pierce the soul of his interlocutor.

“How depends?”

“I think I can find that million, if I exerts myself.”

“You speak in riddles.”

“Not a bit of it. I merely reminds you that I have been on these islands before to-day—that I was here years ago, in fact, and that I knows many a secret concerning them that is known to no other human being. For instance, I knows where there is a curious grotto behind these ridges to the right of us, and I knows even where there are some very curious and secret places upon this same Sentry-box island, where Hawley and his friends have hidden that million.”

There was no mistaking the significance with which these remarks were uttered. They at once enlarged the mental vision of Capt. Luke Pedder, and shot all his hesitations into a focus of instant decision.

“By heavens, Bantam,” said he, “there's more in you than I at first supposed. That's a long head upon your shoulders. I can understand why you have been a leader of men heretofore. You are worthy to be a leader again. I can see that you have an idea as to the very spot where that million is hidden.”

“I won't contradict you.”

“And you are willing to use this knowledge for our mutual benefit?”

“Upon certain conditions—of course.”

“Your first condition is that I respond to your frankness? That is natural. I've intended, Bantam, ever since I began to see what sort of a man you are—I've intended, as I said, to deal with you as a brother. Listen. My name is Pedder—Luke Pedder. The lady below is really my sister. As young as I am, I have sailed repeatedly in that fine clipper you have just seen in port as her commander. The trouble between us and Hawley is this: My sister has long been in love with Hawley, and has fairly humbled herself to get him—all to no purpose. I, on the other hand, have long been in love with the lady who is Hawley's wife. This lady is likely to arrive here—here, at Desolation—at any moment, and I think it would not be difficult, in case of her coming, for you and me to hit upon some plan of seizing her and carrying her off to the same snug hiding-place to which we shall take the money.”

The gleam in Bantam's eyes deepened. His whole countenance expanded.

“I sees now exactly where you are, Cap'n Pedder,” he said, “and can advise you understandingly. Your proper course is to seize this money, to kill the three men, to seize Mrs. Hawley, and to sail away with your prizes to a place of safety that I will show you.”

Pedder smiled like a fiend at the prospect, as he hastily replied:

“You are right. The advice is perfectly sound, and I will act upon it. But you will work for my interest, Bantam, as for your own—upon proper conditions, as you suggested?”

“Yes, sir. And my only remaining condition is that I receive half of the money that we find on Sentry-box island. If I chose to be selfish, I could say that all the money belongs to me, seeing that the secret of its whereabouts is mine. But you are to furnish men to help me recover it, and a ship to carry it away. On the whole, therefore, we'll divide equally. You will, of course, share with your men, even as I shall have to share with the forty or fifty men I shall soon recruit in Australia.”

“This is all perfectly fair and sensible,” said Pedder. “I accept your propositions in the same good faith with which you have offered them.”

“Just shake hands upon it.”

Pedder promptly complied.

“A hint or two more, if you please,” resumed Bantam. “I can see that you have had education, Cap'n Pedder, that you have moved in a good circle of society, and that you have respectable friends and connections. I can even understand that you don't feel very much at home with me—a runaway convict, an assassin, a leader of outlaws. But you should comprehend that from the hour when you lay hands upon these men and this money, you are no better than I. This will be particularly true if you seize Mrs. Hawley. You become in one fell swoop all that I have become in twenty years of war against society—an outlaw, a hunted fugitive, a man whose only resource is some far-off island, and some stout hands of his own complexion to fight for him.”

Pedder set his lips tightly together, and a resolve of utter ferocity flamed from his eyes.

“So be it!” he said hollowly. “I accept my destiny. A few months since, I would have shrunk from carrying things in this high-handed fashion, Bantam, but it's all plain sailing now. I have gone too far to recede. The temptations drawing me on are too many to be resisted—that money and that woman! To triumph over that woman I would now sell my soul to Satan!”

“Bravo! You talk like a man of sense. We shall work together like one man!”

Miss Pedder here emerged from the cabin, in an elaborate toilet, with jewels in her ears and upon her fingers, and with delicate laces floating around her.

“I am glad you have settled the matter upon this basis,” she said quietly, but with the deepest feeling. “I've overheard all you have both said, and there's not a single point of your conclusions that I would alter.”

The two men looked at her with a feeling between wonder and admiration.

“What! not even our conclusion in regard to Hawley?” asked Pedder.

“No, I don't want you to change that,” replied the sister, as her countenance settled into a look of revengeful disdain. “My whole soul has undergone a revulsion. I hate that man now more than I ever loved him. I cannot think of his whinings about his wife with patience. Even when he believed her to be dead he trampled upon me, saying that her death made no change in his relations to me. Bah! He shall see that I'm not like him. He shall see that I can change my mind, and hate where I have loved. I might shrink from seeing him slain in cold blood, but if he should be killed in the fight before us, I should never regret it.”

Pedder drew a long breath of relief.

“You take a load from my mind,” he said. “As things are turning, I shall be pretty certain to capture her ladyship, and in that case the final absence of her husband from this ‘vale of tears’ will be desirable.”

“Possibly I may make a last appeal to the man,” suggested Miss Pedder thoughtfully.

“And possibly we may modify our purposes,” said Bantam. “If I should be unable to find the buried treasure, for instance, it may be well to keep these men prisoners until we can extract the secret of its whereabouts from them. We shall, of course, be governed by circumstances. But will it not be well, Cap'n Pedder, to give your men a hint of the business in hand, and make our interests theirs?”

“Yes, it will. I'll speak to them at once.”

The effect of this communication upon the twelve or fifteen ruffians composing the crew of the yacht can be imagined. They became so many human blood-hounds.

“They're a fine lot of men,” said Bantam to Miss Pedder, as he marked their murderous zeal, “and with this stout yacht beneath your feet, Miss Pedder, there's no telling what you may become. You look already like a queen, with all your beauty and sense.”

Miss Pedder deigned to smile at the compliment. It was now clear to her that this wretched outlaw could be made useful. In fact, it looked as if fortune, as well as vengeance, could be secured through his agency. She accordingly directed all her powers of fascination upon Bantam, and in less than a minute had him thinking what a splendid companion she would make for the ‘far-off island’ to which he had just alluded.

The yacht was now getting well up toward Sentry-box island, and all the preparations were made for anchoring and going ashore. A few details of action were discussed between Pedder and Bantam, and by the end of the time thus consumed the *Enchantress* was anchored off the outer shore of the island.

A single person was walking quietly back and forth in front of the curious boat dwelling so long occupied by Hawley and his friends.

This person was Jude Breeling.

Jude's countenance was grave, although his aspect was serene and his self-possession perfect.

He scanned the new-comers a moment, as ten of them landed, with Pedder at their head, and then advanced to meet them.

“Thunder and lightning!” suddenly cried Tom Breeling, in a roaring voice, as he stared at Jude. “If there isn't my brother—my brother Jude—my ‘long lost brother,’ as they say in the plays—the very Jude Breeling of whom I'd lost all trace for many years past! Why, Jude, old fellow, how do you do?”

The surprise of Jude was so great that he could with difficulty find his voice, even after a pause in the wordy greetings of his brother.

“Yes, it's me, Tom,” he managed to say, as he advanced nearer and clasped the hand offered him. “How good it is to see you!”

“But how is it that I find you here?” asked Tom.

“I have been wrecked,” answered Jude simply.

“And you are here with Mr. Hawley and Mr. Aymar?” put in Pedder.

“Yes, sir,” said Jude, with a brevity caused by the aversion he instinctively felt for Pedder the moment his eyes rested upon him.

“And where are the two gentlemen?” asked Tom, looking around.

“They're up yonder—on the top of the island. Mr. Hawley recognized Miss Pedder upon the deck of the yacht, and thought he wouldn't come down unless something particular was wanted. He desired me to see—”

At this instant the eyes of Jude rested upon Bantam, in the midst of the visitors, but somewhat in the background.

“Good heavens!” he cried, starting backward. “Are you here, Tom, in such company as that?”

“Oh, draw it mild, Jude,” said Tom, laughing. “We are here on a little business in which Mr. Bantam is especially interested. And your presence here, by the way, will simplify the whole matter.”

“A little business?” repeated Jude, paling with a sudden apprehension.

“Yes, a little business. We have come here to assist Mr. Bantam in recovering his money—his million, you know!”

“Yes, that is what we are here for,” said

Pedder, "and we shall be glad to have your assistance. You doubtless know where the money is buried, and will be glad to help your brother—"

"Excuse me, sir," said Jude. "Bantam has no money here. All the money on this island belongs to Mr. Aymar, who is here with Mr. Hawley, and who—"

"Enough of that, Jude," interrupted Tom. "We know just what the facts in the case are, and don't propose to argue the matter. We are here for Mr. Bantam's money, and must have it. You are not going back on your brother, are you—your own and only brother?"

"Yes, if that brother is a companion of assassins and robbers," replied Jude resolutely. "I warn you—"

"Enough," again interrupted Tom. "I can't let my brotherly love stand in the way of business. Seize him, boys, and bind him fast."

Jude was instantly seized and bound, despite his desperate resistance.

"Destroy those three boats," commanded Pedder, as soon as Jude was powerless.

His men instantly set about the task.

"And part of you go up and meet Hawley and Aymar," added Pedder. "Stay! they're coming to meet us. Seize them at once!"

We need not linger upon the desperate struggle made by both Hawley and Aymar. It could not have failed to be useless. Mr. Aymar was as weak as a child with his long voyage, and Will. was in no condition to do himself justice. In a very few moments, therefore, they were close prisoners, and by this time their boat dwelling had been completely overturned and dashed in pieces, as had their other two boats, and all their stores had been flung into the sea.

"You begin to see, brother Jude, that we want Mr. Bantam's money," sneered Tom. "Where is it hidden?"

Jude took no notice of the question.

It was not until he was a helpless prisoner that Will. noticed Pedder among his assailants.

"What does all this mean, Captain Pedder?" he now asked.

"Oh, a lover's quarrel—that's all," returned Pedder. "My sister thinks you have not treated her well, and I've espoused her quarrel."

"But do you really mean to turn pirate? Have you fallen so low? I knew there had been weaknesses in your past life, but I thought—"

"It's little matter what you thought," interrupted Pedder in a hard, impatient voice. "What we want is that money. Where is it?"

Will. averted his face without replying.

"They needn't answer, if they don't wish to," said Bantam. "I can do without them. Two of you stay here and watch them—you, Tom, and any one you choose. The rest of you follow me."

He led the way up to the top of the island, and searched its secret recesses thoroughly. Then he descended to the lower elevations, and searched every nook and cranny. Descending lower and lower, he finally plunged into the depths of a narrow gorge, at the bottom of a ledge of rocks—just such a hiding-place as he himself had chosen on the adjacent shores—and here he suddenly stumbled upon the vast treasures he was seeking.

Not only was all the loose gold here, just as Bantam had seen it previously, but this pile of loose gold was covered with nearly as much more—this latter in new canvas bags.

The yells of fiendish rejoicing with which this last fact was realized awoke all the echoes of the island.

"It's Mr. Aymar's new fortune," murmured Pedder breathlessly. "He saved it from the pirates, it seems—as I thought he might! What mountains of riches! What luck we've had!"

"And now to carry it to the yacht, boys," said Bantam. "The whole pile is ours."

The transfer was made in the course of half an hour, and then Bantam and Pedder came back to their prisoners.

"I've been having a talk with my brother," reported Tom, "and he utterly declines to have anything to do with us. He says Hawley has saved his life, and he puts in a plea for Hawley's and for Aymar's. And as I can't allow Jude to be killed, why, perhaps we'd better turn them all adrift, and leave them to take their chances. They have neither shelter nor provisions, and there isn't the least chance of their making their escape, as the boats are all knocked in flinders."

"My sister has just made to me these very suggestions, in substance," said Pedder, "and I'm inclined to heed them. What do you say, Bantam?"

"Why, I'd sooner Hawley'd starve to death by inches than die at once. Turn them loose if you choose, and we'll go about our business."

This course was instantly taken, and in a few minutes thereafter the *Enchantress*, with both of Mr. Aymar's vast fortunes secured in one of her state-rooms, was on her way back to the head of Christmas Harbor, where in due time she came to anchor.

"The voyage hasn't turned out so badly, after all," said Pedder to his sister, as soon as the anchor was down. "We are well revenged upon Hawley, and have plenty of money to soothe any stings of wounded vanity or affection that may yet linger in your heart."

"Sail ho!" suddenly cried a look-out who had been on duty all the morning.

The glances of Pedder and his sister flew like lightning seaward.

A large ship was in the act of rounding Cape Français, and heading into the harbor.

A single glance at the stranger caused Pedder to turn livid with joy.

"It's the *Ocean Monarch!*" he panted.

"The *Ocean Monarch!*" echoed his sister.

"Yes, the *Ocean Monarch!* the ship in which Mrs. Hawley took passage for this island. It'll be odd if she don't fall into my clutches. She comes! she comes! Ha, ha! it's all to be mine, it seems—both fortune and beauty!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"SINCERELY AND TRULY YOURS."

Mrs. H—— lately met with an adventure, or with an experience, which aptly illustrates upon what slight and baseless grounds scandalous reports may grow into being. Mrs. H——, the young and accomplished wife of an American gentleman spending a season at Florence, proposed to give a party to a few select friends, and among others she sent a note of invitation to an Italian Count whom she had met at the house of a mutual friend, and who was a leader in fashionable circles. The Count received the note while at lunch. During the afternoon he met an American friend to whom he expressed great surprise that he had unwittingly, and entirely in innocence on his part, made a conquest of the heart of the beautiful Mrs. H——.

"Impossible!" said the friend. "Mrs. H—— is one of the most reserved and proper women of my country. There must be some mistake."

"No mistake, I assure you," asserted the Count. "I have it in her own hand. Here is her note. Read for yourself."

The American, who was a New York artist, took the missive, and ran it over.

"This is certainly Mrs. H——'s hand," he said; "but I see nothing here out of the way."

"How?" exclaimed the Count in surprise. "See you not this?" pointing to the closing paragraph of the note: '*Sincerely and truly yours!*' Why does she write that to me if her heart is not touched?"

The American laughed, and then explained to the Count that such was the common form of friendly address in American letter-writing. If he would take the trouble to look up the other score of invitations the lady had sent out he would find them all couched in the same language.

The Italian, not used to the frank, gushing style of American friendship, accepted the information with many thanks, and went his way greatly relieved. And Mrs. H—— might have had reason to be thankful that to a true friend of hers had the Count first communicated the secret of his supposed conquest. C.

TOO SHREWD BY HALF.

BY O. S. ADAMS.

Mr. Dio Bashford cherished high ideas of men, as opposed to women, and had exalted notions of the husband's dominion over his own household. He was an erect, full-formed individual, with a haughty bearing. He had a habit of carrying his head high—of scanning the horizon with his eagle eye—of sniffing the air—of looking over the heads of common people—of towering above the vulgar herd.

Mr. Bashford had forbidden his wife attending the masquerade of the A. Z. A. Society. He had his reasons for so doing, which were good enough in themselves; but his wife thought he might have made known his wishes in a little less imperious manner than he chose to adopt. However, she said nothing about it, though her eyes flashed a little as her lord and master proclaimed his wishes.

The ball was set down for the evening of the twenty-ninth. On the morning of that day Mr. Bashford went down town at the usual hour, but during the forenoon had occasion to visit a section of the city that led him past his own residence.

He walked on the opposite side of the street, and did not cross over, as he was in some haste. But his attention was suddenly arrested by a young woman with a large bundle ascending the front steps of his domicil and ringing the door-bell. He wondered somewhat at this, as he was not aware that his wife had been purchasing anything new in the line of dresses lately. His perplexity increased when the door was opened cautiously, the young woman admitted promptly, as if by a previous understanding, and the door instantly closed again.

Here was a dilemma. Mr. Bashford's curiosity and suspicion were aroused, and on the other hand his appointment was rather pressing. Should he linger and solve the mystery, or dismiss it from his mind and go on about his business? He debated the question irresolutely for a moment, and finally decided that he must know what was going on in his own house. Acting on this determination, he walked slowly to the next corner, and chose a position where he could take observations.

He had not long to wait. The young woman soon reappeared, but *without* the bundle, and walked briskly down the street.

He followed her.

Yes, the majestic Mr. Bashford dogged the footsteps of an unknown female! It was not a long chase. She led him to one of the busiest and gayest streets, and finally turned quickly into a celebrated costumer's establishment!

Mr. Bashford could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses at first. But on drawing near, he read the sign in front of the establishment, which set forth in plain language that masks, false whiskers, costumes of all styles, ancient and modern, serious and comic, could be obtained within.

Mr. Bashford was astonished. Could it be that his wife was venturesome enough to disobey him, and had hired a costume with a view to attending the masquerade? The idea was atrocious, humiliating, exasperating. Yet the evidence seemed to point indubitably to such a state of things, and he accepted the conclusion at once.

He did not linger long in meditation. His wife's audacity must receive a severe rebuke. This he decided upon without delay. So, with that promptness and shrewdness which he boasted never deserted him, he entered the store before which he was standing.

The proprietor was a flabby woman, with greedy looking eyes. He accosted her thus:

"Madam, would you object to making five dollars in as many minutes?"

The person addressed intimating that she would have no objection to that sort of thing, he continued:

"Then describe to me accurately the costume delivered by the young woman who entered this store a moment ago, or else show me one just like it."

"Well," said the woman, hesitating, "that wouldn't be exactly regular, you know."

"I understand that, but I can prove to you, if necessary, that I have a right to know, and that no harm can possibly come to you by your telling me."

Here Mr. Bashford temptingly twirled a five-dollar greenback.

"O, well," said the woman, "I presume it will be all right. The costume was that of a Turkish lady. Here is one just like it, except that the hood is blue instead of scarlet."

"Yes—just so," said Mr. Bashford. "The one that the young woman left at No. 54 —— street has a scarlet hood, has it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; here are your five dollars, and besides, I am very much obliged to you. Good-day."

Mr. Bashford left the store in high glee. His wife would find that he was not to be outwitted. He would make her regret her presumptuousness.

With such thoughts he hurried to make good the appointment he had so suddenly broken.

He made no allusion, when he went home to his five o'clock dinner, to the circumstances just related. He simply said to his wife before leaving, wondering the while at her innocent and unconstrained demeanor:

"As I told you would probably be the case, Louise, I shall be detained down town by business to-night until quite late. Do not look for me much before midnight."

"O dear, I am sorry, Dio. It is so lonesome these long evenings when you are obliged to be away."

"I guess you will manage to console yourself during my absence," was his reply, delivered in a slightly sarcastic tone, as he departed.

The "business" which was to detain him was of a somewhat startling character. After spending a short time at his office, he proceeded to a costumer's establishment, and placed himself in the hands of an artist, who, after a long and tedious process, transformed him into a hideous looking Indian chief.

This done, he ordered a carriage, and gave directions to be driven to Banquet Hall, the place where the masquerade of the A. Z. A. Society was to be held. On arriving at his destination, he held a long consultation with the driver, giving him some minute directions and a greenback.

Then, with a chuckle, he entered the gay and brilliant ball-room, where the festivities had already commenced. The music was pealing forth from the orchestra, and hundreds of grotesquely attired figures were mingling in the dance.

Mr. Bashford seemed to create quite a sensation in his character of Indian chief. Many stared at him, and some of the women shuddered.

He did not dance at first, but walked with stately tread around the hall, gazing disdainfully on the giddy throng. His motive for this line of conduct may be easily divined. He was looking for his wife. He was searching for a Turkish lady with a scarlet hood.

It was some time before he found what he sought for. But at last he stopped suddenly, and his gaze lingered in a particular quarter. His heart beat high with exultation. There was the Turkish lady with the scarlet hood, and her size and general contour were exactly those of his wife. There could be no mistake about it. It was the only costume of the kind in the room. He approached her boldly, with no fear of being recognized. He halted in front of her.

"Pooty squaw," he said, in a guttural tone.

She looked at him, and her eyes flashed merrily out from the small orifices of her mask.

"Noble Injin!" she replied.

"Squaw come from the far eastern land?" he said, taking a seat beside her.

"Yes," was the reply. "Noble brave taken many scalps?"

"Great many. Squaw dance?"

"Yes."

And they took their places on the floor for one of the quadrilles.

After this ensued what appeared to lookers-on a scene of desperate flirtation; but in Mr. Bashford's mind there was of course no harm in thus paying exclusive attention to his own wife, though a pang shot through his breast at the thought of her accepting such marked demonstrations from one who to all intents and purposes was a stranger.

However, the game must be played, and he played it.

He professed to be in a frenzy of curiosity to see the face and know the name of his fair partner; but she did not betray her identity by word or sign. He was at heart glad of this, for it spoke well for her discretion.

Thus an hour passed very pleasantly, he had to confess to himself, for his wife—if it were she—was unwontedly witty, vivacious and entertaining.

But all of a sudden the Turkish lady deserted him, and joined a Roman senator on the other side of the room. She conversed with him in a low tone, danced a set with him, and afterward exchanged some private words in an apparently very confidential manner.

This fairly maddened Mr. Bashford with jealousy. He hovered in her neighborhood, walked about with slow, measured tramp, and gazed toward her reproachfully.

Finally he got a chance to speak to her again.

"Squaw must not leave her brave," he murmured.

But she only laughed tantalizingly.

"Shall we walk in the outer hall?" he said. "It is hot and close in this crowd."

She nodded in assent and took his arm, and they left the heated restless throng.

"I think I hear the pattering of rain drops," he said. "Shall we not stand in the open door, where it is cool?"

"Yes," she replied, "for a few moments. It will be a great relief."

They approached the door-way, and stood looking down a short flight of broad stone steps, which led to the sidewalk. Beyond could be seen a solitary carriage, with a dim light glimmering from the driver's seat. The driver himself had sought shelter from the rain within the carriage.

Mr. Bashford looked cautiously around. No one was in sight. He then coughed in a peculiar manner. The driver instantly emerged, leaving the carriage door open, and walked carelessly forward, seemingly to inspect the harness of one of the horses.

Now was Mr. Bashford's time. He suddenly seized his companion around the waist, thrust his hand under her mask and pressed it over her mouth, and ran with her to the carriage.

"Scream and you will be murdered," he muttered in her ear.

He then forced her in the carriage, stepping in after her.

The driver slammed the door shut, sprang to his seat, and whipped the horses into a run.

Mr. Bashford held his fair prisoner firmly down to the seat, and admonished her in the harshest tones he could command to remain silent.

She cowered down submissively, evidently too terrified to speak, trembling and panting violently.

He growled and chattered at her with the utmost ferocity, his object being to give her such a lesson as would make an indelible impression on her mind.

"What is to be done with me?" she summoned the courage to falter.

"Hush!" he growled. "You will be strung up and quartered if you make a noise."

Still the carriage rattled on, through numerous streets and alleys, the driver having been instructed to take a long, roundabout course.

The Turkish lady was so thoroughly quelled that little or no urging was needed to keep her quiet.

Finally the driver gave a loud cough. This was a signal to Mr. Bashford that they were approaching his house. He had calculated that the devious course they had taken would so bewilder his wife that her ideas of locality would be completely confused. He wanted to impress her with the belief that she was being carried to some den of unknown horrors.

"Here we are," he growled. "Where's Black Tom? Keep the blood-hounds quiet! Not a word from you, my beauty!"

He rushed up the steps, carrying his captive under one arm. Unlocking the door with his night-key, he rushed with her into the house. He had thrown a cloak over her head, that she might be deceived up to the last moment.

He now stood in the hall. Throwing the outside door shut, he rushed into the sitting-room.

A loud scream greeted his arrival. The gas was burning brightly, and in the middle of the room stood—her arms thrown up and her eyes protruding with horror—*his wife!*

He halted, in dire astonishment and dismay; still retaining his hold on the Turkish lady, who had by this time fainted.

"*Louise!*" he gasped.

But his wife only gave vent to a piercing shriek, and retreated to the furthermost corner of the room.

"Louise!" he ejaculated, appealingly, "is that you?"

"Oh, you monster!" screamed Louise. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"Don't you know me, Louise?"

"Leave, you villain! If you don't, I'll rouse the neighborhood! My husband will be here in a moment!"

"Tut, tut! for heaven's sake, don't make any more noise. There's a terrible mistake somewhere. I am Dio—your husband. Don't you recognize my voice?"

Mrs. Bashford was not a cowardly woman. Consequently, not having lost her senses, she did recognize her husband's voice, and became somewhat reassured.

"What does this all mean, Dio?" she said, stepping forward cautiously. "Why are you disguised so frightfully, and who is this you have with you?"

Mr. Bashford's bewilderment was so great that he had entirely forgotten that he was still supporting the Turkish lady, and he now nearly dropped her.

But recovering himself, he conveyed her to a couch and laid her down.

"Haven't you been to the masquerade?" he demanded of his wife.

"To the masquerade! Certainly not."

"Then who is this?" he asked, pointing to the form on the couch.

"That! How should I know? Why, as I'm alive, it's— Oh, Dio, what under the sun have you been doing? This is Emma Burch!"

"Emma Burch? Nonsense! Are you sure?"

"Certainly."

And Mrs. Bashford bent over the prostrate form and set herself about applying restoratives. They soon had their effect. Miss Burch sat upright, and looked about her in a confused manner.

"Louise, is it you?" she exclaimed, with a glad look, and almost fainting again. "And am I really safe? Oh, horrors!"

She caught a glimpse of the "noble Injin."

"There, there, never mind him," said Mrs. Bashford soothingly. "It's only Dio."

"Dio! your husband! the one who kidnapped me? Oh, what does it all mean?"

Both ladies looked at Mr. Bashford inquiringly, who was now forced to explain everything.

He did it with a very bad grace, a good deal of stammering, and many blushes that would have been visible but for the paint with which his face was bedaubed. When he had concluded, his wife said:

"And so you thought the suit was for me, when I only had it brought here to accommodate Emma. The same clothes fit us both, and I had it fitted to me because she wanted to be very secret about her costume. Oh, Dio, to think you should have so little trust in me!"

Mr. Bashford had not a word to say. He sat down moodily.

Louise and Emma regarded him in silence for a moment, and then burst out with hearty peals of laughter. They tortured him with their jeers long and unmercifully.

At last, when their merriment had in a degree spent itself, they began to look on the practical side of the situation.

Emma's friends at the ball would be troubled at her disappearance. They must at once be informed of her whereabouts.

Of course there was no one to perform this errand but Mr. Bashford. With a mournful appreciation of the necessities of the case, he divested himself of his disguise as speedily as possible, and donned a respectable suit of clothes. He then had to walk a full mile to the ball, for the carriage in which he had conveyed his prisoner home had been driven off, and no other was in sight or hearing. He arrived home again in the wee small hours, much the worse for wear, and miserably depressed in spirits. He had for once in his life been fairly beaten, routed, ignominiously defeated.

The leopard cannot change his spots, neither could Mr. Bashford alter his nature; but the lesson taught him was a lasting one. He has learned not to entirely distrust his wife, and deigns of late to be more communicative with her, less imperious toward her, and, moreover, manifests generally a certain respect that was always her due, though it was for a long time withheld.

THE WIDOW FLETCHER.

BY DOROTHY DALE.

The Widow Fletcher was an old woman. She had been the Widow Fletcher for well-nigh forty years; had brought up sons and daughters; had seen some of them married and some of them buried; and now in her old-age had settled down to a quiet life, in which her own small wants were easily provided for, her daily entertainment cheaply furnished by her Bible and newspaper, and ample occupation found for idle hours in the knitting of worsted scarfs of the gayest colors, and socks and mittens of every size, for far-away grandchildren.

It was a dull, monotonous life; but the widow had been a hard-working woman, toiling often with tired hands, and contriving with puzzled brain to make her small means suffice for the many wants of her family. Now rest was sweet, and she was minded thus to pass the remainder of her days. But when her son John, on his dying bed, sent for his old mother, and begged her with his latest breath to come and live with and care for his children, who then were motherless, and soon would be orphans, the widow had no choice. She could not refuse. And so, when she had thought her work was all done, and life had no more of care or responsibility for her, she suddenly found herself, as in younger years, with children's voices in her ears and a youthful family in charge. But the widow had always been a brave woman, and though she had toiled all the day long, and, now that the evening of life had come, longed for repose, she yet took up her work again without a murmur, resolved to do her best.

John Fletcher had been a merchant, doing a thriving business, and living in a comfortable, even generous way. When he died, all his townspeople remarked upon the easy circumstances in which he had left his children. But when his store and its contents had been sold, and all his outstanding debts had been paid, it turned out that there was but a slender fund remaining.

The "circumstances" were not easy, after all, and although one son, a lad of fifteen years, was taken in charge by an uncle, there were still Kate and Bob to provide for, and the widow was again forced into the practice of all sorts of economical dodges for making the ends meet.

Thus when, the silver-haired old village doctor having been gathered to his fathers, the young doctor who came to take his place asked the widow to receive him as a boarder, she made a quick little estimate of possible profits and consented to give him a place in her family. She did not enter upon this arrangement, however, without some serious misgivings as to its wisdom.

There was her granddaughter, and girls of seventeen, she told herself, were flighty creatures: Kate, she thought, was as sensible as the best of them; but they were all easily captivated, and young men of twenty-five were apt to think it a very delicate amusement to turn their heads with attentions which mean nothing.

"No young man shall play that game with John Fletcher's daughter, as long as I'm her grandmother!" said the old lady to herself, and her black eyes snapped behind her spectacles with a spirit which had survived her seventy years.

So it happened that when young Dr. Brent came to take up his quarters with the Widow Fletcher, he was given to understand, in no very ambiguous terms, that any special attentions to "my granddaughter" would not be acceptable; in short, that no flirtation would be allowed on the premises.

The doctor stared at the old lady, and did not look as though he designed making himself specially agreeable to anybody, as he replied:

"Give yourself no uneasiness, Madam. I think I can promise that you shall not have occasion for complaint on that score."

The doctor was as good as his word, and limited his attentions to the carefully guarded young lady to a formal "good-morning" or "good-evening," a polite "thank you" for any slight service rendered, or, when occasion required, a reply or remark, the brevity of which, however, always touched upon the very verge of good-manners.

Kate, being by nature lively and chatty, was at first disposed to be social with the new member of the household; but finding the doctor about as genial as an iceberg, and not much more responsive to her efforts at sociability, she soon gave up all attempts at conversation, and met the doctor each day with a stiff bow, as cool and dignified as his own. Kate was a modest girl, not given to overestimating her own attractions, and not disposed to look for any greater amount of attention than would naturally fall to her share; but she was not accustomed to being entirely overlooked, and did not relish being treated as of no account whatever. On the whole, she was considerably piqued by Doctor Brent's behavior, and resolved to pay him in his own coin for the cool snubbing he had bestowed upon her.

"He thinks himself irresistible, no doubt," she said to herself, "and takes me for a young simpleton who would be certain to fall in love at the first civil word, and be sighing and dying for him before a month was over. He shall see!" she exclaimed aloud, with such a scornful toss of her pretty head that one loose curl tumbled out of place, and here and there a disorderly friz ruffled itself up, as though determined to show a proper spirit in the matter.

As for the widow, although she could not complain of the result of her warning, she was obliged to own to herself that the situation was sometimes awkward and uncomfortable, and that the young people were carrying the matter a good deal further than she had bargained for.

But the member of the family to whom this belligerent state of affairs was most incomprehensible was little Bob, Kate's younger brother. He had gotten up quite a violent attachment for the doctor, who was really at considerable pains to make himself agreeable to the little youngster, often taking him to ride, playing games of all sorts with him, and at last winning his heart entirely by a present of a small whip and the high privilege of certain horseback rides, which, although limited to the back door yard, were looked upon by Bob as wonderful performances.

Bob considered the doctor "no end jolly." But Bob also loved his sister Kate dearly—better than anybody else in the world, he sometimes told her, when in a specially affectionate mood—and he found it hard to understand why two people whom he liked so very much should not like each other. He occasionally tried to investigate the mystery, asking some rather troublesome questions, and receiving very unsatisfactory answers.

But when Kate returned home, after having been away on a three months' visit, and was met by Dr. Brent with a "Good-evening, Miss Kate," as serenely indifferent as though her absence had been quite unnoticed, little Bob was astonished beyond measure. He was amazed at such a display of indifference, and with wide-open eyes, exclaimed:

"Why, Doctor, aren't you glad Kate has come home?"

"*Very,*" the doctor answered, with an odd sort of emphasis, looking Kate full in the face.

"Then why don't you—" began Bob; but before he could finish his question, which seemed in a fair way to prove an embarrassing one, Kate's hand was over his mouth, and looking very much as though the hand might have started on a mission to his ears, she exclaimed:

"There, Bob! Don't ask questions that are not of the slightest consequence to anybody."

Poor Bob, having been thus ignominiously put to silence, was immediately dispatched on an errand.

To tell the truth, I believe the doctor was in earnest in his answer to Bob's question, and was really and honestly glad to have Kate at home again. Though he had never had ten minutes' conversation with her, the house had seemed lonesome without her; and when he came home from a long ride in the cool autumn evening, and looking in at a window where the curtain had not been drawn, saw Kate sitting in front of the grate in a big chair, and little Bob perched on one of its arms, with his cheek lying close against hers, while she read aloud to him, he could but own that it was a pretty sight.

Kate had one foot upon the fender, showing a dainty slipper and a narrow strip of white stocking. A soft radiance from the blazing fire shone over her warm-tinted merino dress, glowed rosily in her cheeks, and flickered now and then over her fair hair and Bob's brown curls. The doctor sighed as he looked, and declared to himself that little Bob was a lucky fellow.

He stepped into the hall, and the door of the sitting-room being open, Mrs. Fletcher invited him to come in. He accepted her invitation, and Kate forthwith laid aside Bob's story, and taking up a book of her own, left her grandmother and the doctor to entertain each other in whatever manner suited them best. They talked quite briskly for a short time, discussing with great unanimity of opinion that grave subject, the weather—past, present and future. That topic being exhausted, conversation languished, and there was an occasional awkward pause, broken only by the snapping of the fire or the snoring of little Bob, who, no longer kept awake by the interest of his story, had taken advantage of the soothing stillness which prevailed to fall asleep, with his head comfortably cushioned upon Kate's shoulder, and now appeared to be enjoying himself the best of anybody in the room.

The doctor was evidently preoccupied, if one might judge from his frequent glances out of "the tail of his eye" in the direction of the obstinately silent reader, or from his somewhat mysterious reply when the widow, mindful of his comfort, inquired if she had provided him with a sufficient quantity of bed-clothing for these cold nights.

"She thinks me a confounded brute, I suppose," which reply naturally sounded very ungrateful to the old lady, whose look of mild reproach breaking in upon the doctor's train of thought, he stammered, "That is—ah, yes—excuse me; I don't think I quite understood your question."

Kate, although intensely absorbed in her book, was forced to take refuge behind it to hide a malicious little smile, and reading softly to herself the closing line of a verse in "The Raven,"

> "Only this, and nothing more,"

she could with difficulty resist the temptation to give it aloud, as an appropriate supplement to the doctor's reply to her grandmother's question. Even this neat opportunity for a shot at the enemy did not, however, induce Kate to open her lips, for she was so incensed at the reception which the doctor had given her that she declared to herself she would never speak to him again unless compelled to do so.

Being a young lady of no little spirit, she might, for aught we know, have adhered to her resolution had not little Bob fallen ill. Typhoid fever prevailed in the village, and he was one of its earliest victims.

Bob had been Kate's pet and darling ever since he lay, a tiny baby, in his cradle. Now she became his untiring nurse, watching over him, administering all his medicine, and scarcely leaving him by day or by night. The doctor too was often at Bob's bedside, noting with keen anxiety every symptom of his disease, lifting him gently in his strong arms, and soothing his pain and restlessness with every possible device, until, in his anxious tenderness to the little sufferer, Kate half forgot her former enmity, and found no room in her heart for any but grateful thoughts. But poor little Bob, in spite of all their care, grew worse and worse, until at last life hung by the slenderest thread.

Kate was worn out with care, anxiety and the want of rest. The doctor found her one afternoon hovering over Bob, with cheeks glowing feverishly and a look of awful weariness in her face. Pouring a few drops from a small bottle into a tumbler and filling it with water, he said to her:

"Drink this, and go and lie down immediately."

Kate protested, but the doctor insisted, promising to call her should there be any change for the worse.

"Don't be afraid to trust him with me," he said, in a low voice; "I love him too."

"But not as I do," said Kate, with a quivering lip.

Nevertheless she went to her room, and under the influence of the soothing drink which the doctor had prepared for her, was soon sleeping soundly. It was not until two hours had passed that she awoke, amazingly refreshed, but shocked at the length of time she had been absent from the sick-room. Hurrying thither, she found the doctor standing at the bedside, gazing at Bob with a look of intense relief and satisfaction. The small, wasted frame, that for so many weeks had seldom rested from its painful tossing, was quiet, and the little fellow lay in a sweet and natural sleep, with tiny drops of cool perspiration standing all over his white forehead.

"The crisis is past," said the doctor. "Little Bob is safe."

"Oh, Doctor, are you sure?" cried Kate.

"Quite sure," was the doctor's reply; and poor Kate, half crazed with sudden joy, seized his hand frantically with both her own. She would have dropped it quite as quickly had she not suddenly found herself held fast, and the doctor eagerly asking:

"Kate, *can't* we be friends?"

We must suppose that Kate concluded they could, and that a variety of interesting explanations were entered into within the next half hour; for when little Bob awoke, and seeing the two together, seemed to wander back in his mind to the day of Kate's return from her long visit, he asked, with his weak, thin little voice:

"Doctor, you *are* glad to see Kate, aren't you?"

"Very," the doctor again replied, and this time proceeded to demonstrate his satisfaction after Bob's own fashion.

"I'm *so* glad," said little Bob, with a contented sigh, as his heavy eyelids drooped, and he fell again into a sweet, untroubled sleep.

Dear little Bob! who was quite content to find out that those whom he loved loved each other.

And poor little Bob! who must toss and moan through weary weeks of pain that these two, watching at his bedside, might also find it out.

And the widow Fletcher—what did she say on discovering what very special attentions Dr. Brent was paying to her granddaughter? Dear old lady! we never heard that she was in the least offended by them.

AUTUMN AND THE CEMETERY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

O, lovely lakes and glorious trees,
Now shadowed by the Autumn time,
To me ye are more beautiful
Than in the Summer's glowing prime!
Yon cloud in Heaven's pure azure curled,
So pensively thoughtful o'er the world,
This stream that purls a tempered chime,
Make fitter accord with the scene
Than Summer's proud, imperial sheen.

Too gaudily for us her robes
Hung rustling from the giant trees;
Too haughtily her jewelled hand
Pressed on the organ of the breeze;
And o'er yon Ocean's wave her zone
Too fiercely bright for deep thought shone;
But now the lakes, the woods, the seas,
Are with a mellow radiance spread
That fits the City of the Dead.

KATE ARLINGTON;

OR,

The Buccaneer's Bridal.

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PURSUER!

Luke Gunbar, sitting upon a forward thwart, with his face to the bows, rowed with a pushing stroke, steering at the same time, and very few were the turns which he could not make without interrupting the steady stroke of the doctor. Kate had offered to take an oar, but Tom would not permit it, and Luke said there was no need. As Tom occupied a seat near the stern-sheets, he sat facing Kate, and very near to her, and, as was natural, as soon as they had fairly entered the pass, he asked her concerning her treatment at the stone house. She told him the story just as it had transpired, even to the promise she had given to save him from imprisonment, and, perhaps, death.

"For," she added, "I knew that he meant what he said. At that juncture I knew why he had brought you away with me."

"I think," said Tom, "that my professional services were wanted by the pirates."

"So they were," responded Kate; "but Dixon's chief reason for taking you, knowing you to be accepted as a lover by both daughter and father, was that through you he might hold power over me. Does not this show it?"

The doctor uttered something that sounded very much like an imprecation, and on the next moment Luke chided him for missing his stroke.

"Steady, Doctor! It's ticklish enough steering at best, without your yawnin' in that fashion."

Tom asked pardon, and promised better behavior for the future; and for a time thereafter he rowed in silence. At length he asked,—

"Kate, suppose we had not been able to make our escape to-night—suppose to-morrow had found you in Dixon's power—what would you have done?"

"In what respect?" asked Kate, looking up from the water, where she had been trailing her finger in the sparkling brine.

"In what respect?" repeated Tom, surprised at the question. "Why, in respect to becoming the pirate's wife, of course. Had you not promised that you would do so?"

"Yes, Tom, I had promised; but I had given the promise under personal restraint. I could not be held morally accountable for a pledge so given."

"Bless me, Kate! are you losing your senses?"

"Not that I am aware of, Tom. Why do you ask?"

"Why, you treat this grave matter—a matter of more than life or death—as though it were child's play."

"Pardon me, dear Tom. I have myself wondered if my mind were not becoming unseated by the severe strain that has been put upon it. Ah!—a greater strain than you can imagine, Tom!"

"No, no, darling. I can imagine it very well. I have suffered with you. I did not mean to reflect upon the lightness—"

"Hallo! Steady, there!" came from the pilot. Tom had missed his stroke again.

"Dear Tom," said Kate, in a soothing, winning way, "it may be that my mind is like the conglomeration of nerve and muscle in a human limb of which I have heard you tell, which, under slight disturbance, will feel exceeding pain, but which, tremendously shocked, may be so numbed as to feel no pain at all. I am sometimes inclined to think that the fatalist's belief is the most rational."

"Do not say that, Kate."

"Is it not the faith that leads most surely to resignation?"

"To such resignation as the mere animal may feel," replied Tom, warmly; "but not to the resignation of a spirit loyal to itself and its God. Surely, Kate, you would not have calmly resigned yourself to—"

"*Steady!*" cried Luke.

"Tom," said Kate, as soon as the boat was again steady, "you misunderstand me."—The voice was deeper and more earnest than he remembered ever before to have heard it.—"Before I would have suffered harm at that man's hands, or before I would have seen him do harm to you, I would have shot him where he stood!"

"Bless you, Kate! I know your heart is strong. God grant that your steadiness of hand for such work may be never tried!"

"I can say, Amen to that, Tom, with all my heart."

"Pull strong and steady!" came from the pilot at this juncture. "We've got a cross-current here.—Now,—with a will!"

Tom felt the shiver of the boat as the current struck it, and he bent all his energy to his work, and in a very brief space the whirlpool was passed.

They had now reached a point where a huge precipice arose upon the left hand, forming a dark wall full a hundred feet high, while to the right the phosphorescent waves broke over jutting masses of coral.

"This is the place," said Luke, looking back over his shoulder, "where a vessel, even in the hands of an experienced pilot, finds herself in a pinch. There are points where the coral reef comes to within thirty feet of the ledge. The *Adder* has been stuck here more than once."

"How near through are we?" asked Tom.

"Just about half,—perhaps a little more,—but it'll be plain pullin' after we pass this rock. Are you givin' out, Doctor?"

"No," said Tom. "How is it with you?"

"I an't quite so strong as I was before my hurt," replied Luke; "but I'm good for this. We'll up sail as soon as we get outside."

A few strokes more had been pulled when Kate uttered a quick, sharp "*hist!*" and held up her hand.

"What is it?" asked Tom, lifting his oars from the water.

Luke had caught the signal, and had turned his head.

"Hark!" said Kate.

They bent their ears attentively.

"There!—Do you hear that?"

Yes! They heard it very plainly—the measured stroke of oars behind them!

"We are pursued!" cried Tom, preparing to dip his oars.

But Luke urged him to hold quiet a few moments.

"Let us be sure, and know what we have to anticipate."

With this the gunner bent his ear close to the water, and not only he, but his companions also, heard distinctly the breaking of the water behind them. The men seemed afraid to speak the result of their listening, but Kate had heard as well as they, and she spoke:

"Those are heavy oars," she said, "and pulled by strong men."

"Aye," added Luke, "and there's a full crew pullin'. Our only hope, Doctor, is to gain the sea before they overhaul us."

"And to that end," cried Kate, starting up from her seat, "I must have an oar. Not a word, Tom. Your strength is not exhaustless. Do you take a seat further forward, and let me have this. Give me an oar."

The girl's manner was authoritative, and before Tom could fairly collect his senses for argument he had been hustled forward, and Kate had possessed herself of one of the oars.

"If ye don't pull steady," suggested Luke, apparently not well pleased with this change, "your oar'll be no help."

"Pull away!" answered Kate, taking the seat which the doctor had vacated. "I can pull an oar here as well as in Charles river or Boston harbor."

And she did pull. Under the impulse of the change the boat shot ahead with increased speed. Her strokes were in perfect time; her oar was dipped and feathered professionally; and, moreover, there was strength in the application of power.

But could it avail?

"Can we make the outlet, think you?" asked Gaston, as he leaned back at his stroke toward the gunner.

"I don't know," replied Luke dubiously. "We know that we are pursued, and that Barker Dixon leads it. I know very well that he has taken the cutter for the work; and the sound o' them oars tells me that he has a full crew.—Can't you hear that they are gainin' on us?—Hark!—D'ye mark the muffled dip o' them oars now? They've struck under the high cliff."

"And we have how far to pull?"

"A full mile."

"God help us!—But, Luke, can we not turn into some one of the by-passages of which you spoke, and let them go past us?"

"It's too late for that, Doctor. We've come by all them places. From here to the sea there an't a chance. To pull ahead is our only hope."

It was evident, even as Luke spoke, that his strength was failing him. The old wound had healed, but the irritated and depleted muscle had not recovered its wonted power.

A little while longer, and the dip of the pursuer's oars was painfully distinct. And yet the fugitives struggled on. With Luke Gunbar it was a matter of life or death. If he was captured by the chieftain whom he had betrayed, his doom was sealed. And with Tom and Kate it was a weightier matter still. Death was not the worst they had to fear.

"Look! Look!" cried Kate.

Like a spectre skimming the dark waters the pursuing boat came into sight around a distant point, and it was seen that her oar-banks were full.

To pull longer would be a waste of strength—of strength already well-nigh exhausted,—for both Tom and Kate, when they drew in their oars, had come very near to the end of their endurance.

"What shall we do?" was Gaston's wailing query.

"We can do nothing but accept the alternative the pirate offers," answered Kate. "While there is life there is hope. If you offer resistance, you will only fall, and I shall be left alone."

"I will not be so insanely foolish, dearest."

And surely a thought of resistance against the host that was coming down upon them in the pirate's cutter would have been madness.

"Luke—good Luke,—we must surrender!"

Tom turned as he spoke, and Luke's seat was empty.

"Good-bye, Doctor!" spoke a voice from the water under the skiff's bows. It was the voice of Luke, gasping and low. "I can't be taken by the pirate. I'll go to the bottom of the green water, and sleep on the coral reef, rather than give Barker Dixon the vengeance he'd be sure to take. They won't kill you. Keep an eye open to wind'rd, and hope for the best. It's all right. I'll be better off here than in Dixon's hands.—Don't resist 'em!—Good-bye!—Good-bye!"

Then followed a plash and a plunge, and when the skiff had passed over the spot the gunner's mate had sank from sight.

"Poor Luke! He has laid down his life for us! and that, too, without avail.—But he spoke truly. He will be better off as he is. I am sure his heart had come to know and feel the right!"

So spoke Gaston as he gazed upon the dark water where his late companion had disappeared, and when he raised his head he saw that the cutter was close upon him.

"Kate!" he cried, catching her hand, "can we do anything? In God's name! tell me if I can show my love and devotion. O! if I could save you by here laying down my life—"

"Hush, Tom! You can do nothing. If you love me, save yourself to help me in the time to come."

"But how shall I help you—how save you—if you fall into that man's hands? What earthly power can give you succor then?"

Kate looked off to where the cutter was approaching—approaching so near that she could count the men,—and after a little pause she turned and laid her hand upon her companion's arm.

"Tom," she said, speaking with solemn earnestness, and with a calmness that was wonderful, "above all things look to your own safety. It will be for my interest for you to do so. As true as there is a God in heaven, that bad man can only kill me,—he can do me no greater harm! Do not think my hand will fail me in the hour of extremity. When the need comes—the need of my salvation—I can strike him dead without a shudder. If you can find comfort in this, take it to your heart."

"God bless you, darling! I do find comfort!" cried Tom, reaching out and grasping her hand.

He started as though he would have clasped her to his bosom, but at that moment the dignity of her presence awed him, and he shrank from the nearer approach.

"I do find comfort," he repeated. "I believe you will bear up to the end."

"Fear not, Tom."

Before they could speak further a hail from the cutter arrested their attention, and they found that she was close upon them.

A few more strokes, and the pirates' oars were taken in, and in another moment the pursuing boat glided along side, and a dozen strong hands grasped the rail of the skiff.

"Doctor Gaston,—is this you?"

"Yes."

"Do you surrender?"

"Yes."

It was the chief who spoke, and when he had seen Gaston in charge of two of his men, he stepped into the skiff, and laid his hand upon Kate's shoulder.

"Well, my lady," he said, with more of triumph than of anger, "you have had a pleasant sail. Don't you think you had better go home? It's getting late."

"Since I am again your prisoner," returned Kate, "I must do as you say."

"A wise conclusion, certainly. And now, you will step over into my boat. I will help you."

He took her hand as he spoke, and she did not resist his offer of assistance.

When Kate had been seated in the stern-sheets of the cutter Dixon looked for the third member of the fugitive party.

"Where is Luke Gunbar?" he asked.

Waiting a little time for an answer, and receiving none, he turned to Tom.

"Doctor Gaston, did not Luke Gunbar come away with you?"

Tom, fully persuaded that his late friend was forever beyond harm at the hands of earthly enemies, had no desire to prevaricate; so he promptly replied,—

"He did."

"Where is he now?"

"He has chosen the death of the deep water rather than the death he was sure you would mete out to him."

"He was with you when we hove in sight?"

"Yes."

"And he jumped overboard, eh?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you see him swim away?"

"No, sir, I did not; but I saw him sink from sight. He held on upon the rail of the boat long enough to bid us good-bye, and to tell us why he chose that manner of death, and then he let go, and went down. He was weak and faint. The effort of rowing had sorely tried his wounded breast. He is beyond your reach, sir."

Dixon muttered a curse upon the traitor, and then turned and spoke with Markham; and after a brief conference he directed three of his men to go into the skiff and make search for the missing fugitive. When he had given full directions to the party thus detailed he ordered that the cutter's head should be turned toward the bay, and the oars dipped.

And Tom, thrust forward into the bows of the boat, sat with his head bowed, and his hands clasped upon his knees. Ever and anon he raised his eyes and looked aft, and through the gloom he could see the pirate chief at the helm, with Kate sitting low at his feet, while by her side towered the gigantic form of the Ashantee.

No words were spoken as the cutter cleaved her way through the dark waters of the labyrinthine pass, and what were the thoughts of the living freight God only knew.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE RACK!

Only the steady strokes of the oars broke the silence of the night as the cutter crept through the windings of the secret pass into the secluded bay, and when the bay had been gained the boat's head was turned toward the brig, alongside of which she very soon came. The chief, leaving Kate in charge of Moses, ascended to the vessel's deck, and directed the doctor to follow him.

"You don't want help, do you, Doctor?"

Gaston started, as from a dream, and arose to his feet; and he would have staggered and fallen had not one of the men upheld him. He was weak from over-exertion and excitement, and the motion of the boat disconcerted him. But he gained the brig's deck without further assistance, and was followed by most of the men who had been at the oars.

Near the main hatchway the chief addressed him, and though there was no fiery anger in his manner, yet the tones were of mortal import:

"Doctor Gaston, I have no disposition to find fault with you for what you have done. You have done just as I should have done with your provocation and your opportunity. But the end has come. You have tried, and you have failed. If you show another move of the kind, you will do so at your peril! I think I need not tell you that you will be watched. Of course you expect it. And now I give you your choice: You may attend faithfully upon my sick and wounded men, and enjoy the freedom of the berth deck; or you may refuse to serve us, and take the next chance."

Gaston's answer was prompt and frank.

"I do not need to ask what that next chance might be," he said; "nor do I care. No amount of threats on your part could induce me to a service which my soul abhorred; but in the following of my profession, and in the relieving of the sick and the wounded, no matter what their station, I answer only the promptings of my nature's best instincts. I think I understand the situation, sir. I should prefer even a limited freedom to absolute chains. While I am held on board this vessel I shall find relief in ministering to the distresses of others."

"You may go below, then, and find your cot. Mr. Markham commands until Mr. Thorp comes off."

Without speaking further Tom turned and went below, and as he passed the lantern at the steerage bulkhead he looked at his watch, and found it to be almost four o'clock; and then he remembered that the eastern sky had begun to lighten while he had stood upon the deck. With an aching, heavy heart he made his way to his cot, and sat down upon a stool by its side; and here he thought of Kate, and wondered what was to be her fate. He knew that the pirate chief was in a frame of mind that could brook no further opposition to his will. And if he had the will, had he not also the power?

"O, my God! what will he do?"

And thus crying, in agony of spirit, he bowed his head upon the edge of his cot, and groaned aloud.

A little while so, and then the stricken man arose, and having removed his coat and his boots, he threw himself upon the bed. His only thought was how to shut out thought; for, turn which way he would, the gaunt spectre of calamity extended its fearful bodings. At length weak nature mercifully succumbed to the wear and prostration of fatigue, and sleep closed his eyes and his senses.

As soon as Dixon had seen the doctor safely below, and had given his orders to Markham, he reëntered the cutter, and was pulled to the shore by the men who were to accompany him. At the landing he assisted Kate from the boat, and without a word led her to the stone house, followed closely by Moses. Still holding his fair captive by the arm he made his way to the suit of apartments which had been set apart for her use, and when he had entered the drawing-room and closed the door behind him, he turned and faced the returned fugitive.

Hagar, knowing of his coming, had gone in before him with lights, so that the place was ready for the reception of its occupant.

"Well, Miss Kate," he said, with a curling lip, and with a look that seemed to hesitate between indignation and irony, but with a glow of triumph above all, "here we are again, and here you will remain until your promise is fulfilled. I will say to you as I said to Thomas Gaston: I don't care to blame you for what you've done. You have shown a bit of spirit which I rather like. It will answer for a maiden held in durance, but, mark me, it will not answer for a wife! You will not escape again, my lady. You can try it if you like, though I would advise you not. Can I do anything for you before you seek the rest which you have so foolishly neglected?"

"I have told you once before," replied Kate, "that I cared for Thomas Gaston. I shall rest better if I know it is well with him."

"I have left him on board the brig, at full liberty to perform his professional duties; and his only present restraint is, that he cannot leave the vessel."

"I have no more to ask, only that I may be left to rest."

"Then I bid you a good-morning, and commend you to reflection, and to a sleep that may give you sense. Hagar has brought lamps, but the light of day already makes them dim. I myself shall sleep if I can." And with this the pirate went out and closed and fastened the door behind him.

Kate, when left alone, did not spend a long time in the drawing-room. She took a few turns up and down, from window to wall, and then she stood for a brief space near the centre of the room with her hand pressed upon her forehead. There was no quaking, no tremor, in her frame, though the knitting of her brow indicated that she was sorely perplexed, and under great anxiety.

"Let it come, if it must," she finally said. "I do not believe Jack Thorp will bear me malice if I make him captain!"

She blew out the lamps, and was surprised to find how near the day was at hand. Then she went to her bedroom, and having drawn the curtains, so that no prying eye might oversee, she took the pistol from its place of rest in her bosom, and proceeded to overhaul the priming. She knew not but that the trip upon the water might have dampened it. The time might come when this friend would be needed—when it alone could help her—and it must be kept true. From the nature of the priming, and from the untarnished brightness of the silver mountings, she was assured that the powder within the barrels was dry; yet she poured the priming from the pans, and supplied them afresh from the silver flask; and then she carefully picked the edges of the flints. This done she restored the weapon to its hiding-place, and then threw herself upon the bed without undressing, and in a very short space of time she was asleep.

* * * * * * *

It was very near noon when Dixon awoke from his heavy slumber, and even then he was aroused by the priest.

They went down into the steward's room, where Dixon brewed a hot toddy, a goodly portion of which he drank himself, giving Riego the remainder. This done he went out into the court, where he met the men whom he had left in the skiff to search for Luke Gunbar; but they had not found him.

They reported that they had pulled up and down the pass, and into all the by-places near the point where the man must have taken to the water, and that they had found no traces. They had continued the search far into the day, and were assured that the traitor must have been drowned.

Dixon knew that the water was very deep in that place; and as Gunbar had planned to escape he had probably taken his gold with him, under the weight of which he would sink quickly to the bottom.

"Let him go," he said; "though I would have much preferred to string him up to our yard-arm as an example."

Having disposed of these men the chief called for his first lieutenant, but that officer had gone off to the brig. He found Mark Rowland, however, and to him he gave the commission which he had intended for Thorp.

"I think," he said, after he had given the general order, "that the signal pole in front of our castle can be seen from the brig in any position she can take?"

"Yes, sir," replied Rowland. "As the brig is moored she can't swing away from it."

"Then," pursued Dixon, "you will go on board and give directions as I have ordered to Markham, for very likely Thorp will come on shore before dark. If he sees two lights hoisted upon our signal staff, he will put his prisoner in irons, and bring him to me. You understand?"

Rowland understood, and departed upon his mission.

It was past noon when Kate Arlington awoke, and by the time she had performed her toilet old Hagar was with her. Kate would have preferred to see Leah, but she dared not ask for her.

Would the lady like some refreshment? was Hagar's query.

And Kate answered that she would.

The refreshment was brought by Leah, who was in great trepidation. She placed the tray upon the table, and, when Kate would have questioned her she placed her finger upon her lips, and shook her head.

"You must ask me nothing," she whispered, in her broken English. "I cannot stop. My mother and the captain do not trust me much. Take care for yourself. Do not anger the chief. He is very angry, and can do very bad things. When you are married perhaps he will let me serve you. If he does I will be your friend. You will do well if you gain him to give me to you. Hush! I can do nothing now."

"Only one word," urged Kate, advancing, and taking the girl's hand. "When does the captain propose to make me his wife?"

"To-day,—before the night is passed. I know no more." Leah raised the white hand to her lips, and looking with a flood of tender light from her great brown eyes the sympathy which she dared not stop to speak, she turned and left the room.

Later Hagar came to remove the tray, and when she had gathered up the dishes she said to the captive,—

"Lady, I give no order, but you do well to dress for our master. Certainly you do not want to offend him."

There was much meaning in the beldam's look and tone, and Kate caught it at a glance.

"I will consider the matter," she said.

"You have fine dresses enough. Put on one of them."

After Hagar had gone, Kate arose and walked to and fro for a long time. Her head was bent, and her hands were folded before her, and her reflections were evidently of the most weighty character. At length she went into the bedroom, and drew from a hamper a bundle which she had brought with her from the brig, and which had not been opened since. Then she looked at the dresses which the pirate had furnished, and selected a robe of heavy crimson silk with trimmings of gold.

Again she came out into the drawing-room, and walked thoughtfully to and fro, and when she next retired to the bed-chamber she shut and fastened the door behind her.

The afternoon passed slowly away, and when evening came, and old Hagar brought the supper to the drawing-room, her eyes snapped and sparkled with delight. The captive was arrayed in a gorgeous silken robe, with trimmings of bright gold, and her look was queenly. The beldam gazed with a species of awe upon the regal figure, and her nod of approbation was subdued, though emphatic.

Hagar spoke no word, and Kate spoke not.

Another hour passed, and the shades of evening had closed in, and lights were brought. Kate heard sounds in the garden, as of men at work, but the shutters had been folded upon the main window, and she could not look forth.

By and by she heard the fall of heavy feet, and she nerved herself for the coming ordeal. She stood upon the far side of the room, near to the bed-chamber, when the door leading in from the hall was opened, and the pirate chief, dressed in a brilliant Spanish uniform, entered, followed by a number of attendants. First behind him came the priest, habited in full canonical robes. Then came the two lieutenants, Thorp and Rowland. Then came two negro boys, one bearing the holy book, and the other a censer. Last came Hagar and Leah, the latter arrayed in a bright dress of figured silk, and looking exceedingly pretty. Her features were really handsome, and the shade upon her skin was of the olive cast, warm and soft. She approached Kate's side, and intimated that she had come to act as bride's-maid.

The captive gave her a grateful look, and took her hand.

Dixon's dark eye gleamed exultingly when he beheld his fair prisoner, and for a brief space he stood like one entranced. Then he advanced, and spoke:

"Lady," he said, "the hour in which your promise is to be fulfilled has come. We will not waste words. I think you are ready."

He tried to smile; but the look which he met from his captive froze the smile out. It was a look which he could not explain, but he knew it was not an inviting one.

"I trust," he said, with smothered emotion in his tone, "that you are ready to proceed."

"Barker Dixon," spoke Kate, in a voice scarcely raised above a whisper, "what can you expect from this mockery?"

"I mean no mockery," answered the pirate. "Here is a priest, duly anointed, and empowered by his holy office to unite us in wedlock. If you accept the service, it will be a sacred and legal marriage. Do you forget your promise?"

"I forget nothing," said Kate, with her hands clutched tightly together. "And yet I have done things blindly. I did not realize—I did not think—"

"But you can think now," broke in Dixon, with an impatient stamp of the foot. "Will you keep your promise?"

"Barker Dixon, before God, I cannot—I cannot—be your wife!"

With a furious oath the pirate chief smote his hands together, and exclaimed,—

"We shall see! Draw back the curtains, and throw open the shutters! Kate Arlington, behold! Upon your decision be the issue!"

Kate followed the direction of the pirate's outstretched finger, and beyond the window, out in the garden, by the light of flaming torches, she beheld a scene that for the moment stopped the beatings of her heart as though the blood had been frozen in her veins!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

KATE'S GIFT.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"O dear, dear! what a monotonous sort of life this is!" said Kate Emery.

She looked round her little room—a room on the fourth floor of Mrs. Kartley's fourth-rate boarding-house. There was no fire in it—Kate sat in a shawl to keep herself warm, that raw November afternoon—the carpet was all faded, and the one window-shade was out of order, and wouldn't draw up nor down. Kate glanced dolefully at herself in the one-sided mirror, whose gilt mouldings had dropped off like over-ripe huckleberries. It was a fresh, pretty reflection that met her glance, with jet-black hair, wistful dark eyes, and cheeks red as a newly blossomed oleander.

"Yes, I look well enough," Kate petulantly apostrophized herself; "but what good do my looks do me? I am a hard-working little school-ma'am at ten dollars a week. I'm not like the heroines of the novels who marry rich, or have great fortunes left them. I just wish I *was* rich. I'd have a blue silk dress, trimmed with white *point-appliqué*, and a pearl fan, and a set of diamonds; and I'd give a black silk to Madame Fougommé, the French teacher, who has worn rusty black alpaca until it's turning to a rich cinnamon brown! O—and I'd send a hundred-dollar bill anonymously to the poor young wood engraver next door, with the pleasant blue eyes and the church-yard cough. If I were only rich!"

While this disjointed reverie passed through Kate's mind, a soft tap came to the door.

"Come in," Miss Emery called out, and the young wood engraver came in, with a cluster of superbly colored autumn leaves in his hand.

"From the old homestead," said he, cheerily. "Mr. Noakes remembered my *penchant* for autumn leaves, and has sent up this bouquet by his son, who came to town with a load of potatoes. Would you like some?"

"Very much," said Kate, glancing at an empty vase on her mantel. "How fragrant they are!"

Eugene Neville's pale face lighted up.

"Oh, if you knew how they recall the old woods at home!" he sighed. "Home! But I have none now. When my father died, and the place went into other hands, the word became meaningless to me. I thought that I should one day be rich and buy it back. I do not think so *now*."

He sighed almost inaudibly as he separated the brightest branchlets for her. Kate looked at him, almost as a mother might pity a sick child.

"No," she thought, her hand rustling softly among the dead leaves, "I wouldn't send him money if I were rich; I would buy back the old homestead, and let him die there in peace, poor fellow. For he cannot live more than a year or two, under the most favorable circumstances. And—"

"Oh, take care," said Eugene, as he stooped; "you have knocked a letter off the table. What an official looking document!" he added; "sealed with a splash of scarlet wax! Catharine Carlton Emery! It is for you."

Kate opened the letter as he went out—opened and read it, and rubbed her eyes to make sure she was not asleep and dreaming.

"Yes," she murmured vaguely, "life is like the novels, after all. Uncle Carlton has left me his money, and I shall be a great heiress. Oh! if poor mamma could only have lived!"

Madame Fougommé got the black silk dress; and Kate enjoyed the golden harvest of her money to her heart's content. And Eugene Neville—was he forgotten?

"Poor fellow!" Kate murmured to herself, "he cannot last long; and I, who am everybody's fairy godmamma just at present, I will make *him* happy, at least for a time."

It was a soft April morning, with the scent of cherry blossoms in the air, and sudden sheets of sparkling rain cleaving as it were the golden wall of sunshine, when Kate called to take Mr. Neville out in her pony phaeton.

"It's such a delicious day," said she, "and I'm sure it will do you good, Eugene."

The young wood engraver stood in the doorway pale and smiling.

"I ought to be at work," said he, "but—"

"O, fiddlestick!" said Kate independently. "All work and no play—you remember the old proverb."

And away rolled the little carriage.

"Which way are you going?" the young man asked, leaning back among the cushions.

"Oh, I don't know—the Nettleville road, I suppose."

Eugene's eyes brightened; the color rose to his thin cheek.

"I should like to go as far as the old place," he said. "I have not seen it for a year."

"Just as you like," said Kate, chuckling inwardly. "Come up, Elfin! What *are* you about, you lazy little Puck? Yes, we'll go to the old place."

How his eyes sparkled as they swept along under the drooping tresses of the superb old elms that bordered the road! How he started when the first tinkle of the little cascade under the hill fell on his ear!

"It is like a dream," said he. "Alas! but the waking will come."

"Does it look as you expected?" Kate asked, as she checked her ponies in front of the wide old-fashioned porch, where the honeysuckles were putting out buds of green leaves, and hyacinths blossomed along the borders.

"It is not changed," said he moodily. "It is I that am changed."

Kate sprang from the phaeton.

"Come in," said she. He shrank back.

"I—I would rather not. I don't wish to intrude," he said.

"But you will not intrude," cried Kate. "See! the old rooms are waiting for you!"

Reluctantly, yet willingly he came forward into the old sitting-room where he had played as a child. The sunshine streamed through the little panes of the south windows; the wood fire blazed and crackled on the hearth.

Eugene sat down before the blaze. Kate watched him, with eyes full of tears and changing color.

"If I could only die *now!*" said he. "Kate you should not have brought me here. You meant well, I know, but it was mistaken kindness. For now, you see," he added, with a shudder, "it will be so hard to go back again to the cutters and the blocks of wood, and the dark, dingy little room in the city."

"But you need not go back!" Kate cried, half sinking on her knees at his side. "Eugene, it is yours."

"Mine!" he echoed vaguely.

"I have bought it from Mr. Noakes. I have given it to you," she faltered.

"I cannot take it," he said haughtily. "I can accept no such favors."

"Not from *me*, Eugene?"

"From no one, Kate. Unless, indeed— But that, of course, is entirely out of the question."

"What is out of the question? Do you mean—"

Kate blushed scarlet as all of a sudden she comprehended the significance of his eyes.

"Kate," he said, taking courage, "shall it be an exchange? If I take the old place from you, will you take me in return? Do you love me, Kate?"

"I—I don't know," faltered the self-possessed little heiress, losing all her dignity and presence of mind. "Oh, Eugene, won't you take it?"

"Won't you take *me*, Kate?" he persisted. "I have not long to live, I know—"

"But you *must* live!" Kate burst forth. "I can't let you go, Eugene! I can't do without you!"

And before Miss Emery fairly knew it, she was engaged—engaged to a penniless, consumptive young wood engraver—she the heiress, for whom her friends were anticipating such an impossibly grand alliance.

"Are you happy, Kate?" the young man whispered.

"Oh, so happy!" she answered, scarcely daring to look into his eyes.

And they were married. Eugene Neville never was strong again, but he did not die. Kate looked after that.

"For I've no idea of being left a widow," she said gayly.

THE OLD HORSE'S SOLILOQUY.

BY CALEB DUNN.

A poor and an old worn horse am I,
Doomed to work till I fall and die,
Yet I think you 'll not find 'neath the sky
A body who toils more faithfully
For the comfort and good of humanity.

Many a day when the snow has spread
Its pure white robes I 've kept up my tread,
Though I felt more like a poor horse dead,
And, in my way, these words I 've said:
"Toil is my lot, for to toil I was bred."

Patiently ever I pull my way—
Rough though it be—by night or day;
Yet often I think that, could I stray
Far from these scenes, I would ever pray
Never again to see car or dray.

Often my driver—who ought to see
Why he should always be kind to me—
Whips my poor back most mercilessly,
And curses me too; but little thinks he
Of the pangs I suffer so patiently.

And my owner, too, whose heart grows cold
With its love of power and its thirst for gold,
Forgets, in his blindness deep and bold,
That the horse who has served him some rights may hold,
Albeit he may be lame and old.

Hundreds of times in my stable I 've stood
In a really sad and lonely mood,
Thinking of brighter days when there would
Come to me, as there certainly should,
A long, long rest, and reward that is good.

Yet, after all, contented I 'll be
With my lot, and my work, and my destiny;
And I think,—though a horse, a slave, not free,—
Whoever may use me cruelly,
In the sight of Heaven I am better than he.

* * *

ONLY A ROSE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Millicent, Millicent, when is supper?"

"God only knows, child."

"Perhaps I'd better pray for some then," said little Jane Blair solemnly.

"Really I think you had," said Millicent, in a soft tone.

There she sat, staring into the little fire on which their last atom of wood was burning, and seeing in the red ashes into which the light wood dropped so quickly pictures of the past. They had never been rich people, but always comfortable.

Her father was a sea-faring man—first mate of an ocean vessel—and her mother a tidy housewife, who made everything bright and cozy.

How he used to sit telling his adventures to them when he was at home. He would not have been a sailor had there not been sea-serpents and mermaids in them, but nothing was too wonderful for those loving folk at home to credit; and indeed he probably believed them himself.

The rooms had been pretty with shells and coral branches, and bright parrots in swinging cages, and pictures of ships upon the wall. It had been so different from this wretched place in which the two girls now lived. But that was not all; the love was gone, the tender care that parents have for their children. The mother lay in her green grave in a far-off cemetery; and who can point the place of a shipwrecked sailor's grave?

She remembered so well how he sailed away that last time: how they looked after him, her mother and herself; how they waited for news, and waited in vain, until at last there came to them a sailor, saved from the wreck of the "Flying Scud," who told how she went down in mid-seas at the dead of night, ablaze from one end to the other; and how Roger Blair, the first mate, was among the missing.

After that, poverty and sorrow; departure from the dear old home; toil in a strange city; sickness, friendlessness, and, crowning woe of all, the mother's death.

The girl had done her best for her little sister ever since, but she was not a very skillful needle-woman, and could not earn as much as some others; and now work had given out altogether, and she, pretty and sweet and good, and helpful in a daughterly way about the house, was not quite sure that she could win bread for two in any way—bread and shelter and fire.

She was only seventeen, and a frail little creature, with very little strength in her small body, and now that matters were so bad, who can wonder that she almost despaired?

"I suppose it isn't quite supper-time yet?" said little Jane again. She had been on her knees behind the bed for a long while. "I wonder whether He knows how hungry I am?"

"What shall I do?" said Millicent to herself, as she looked about the room. "I have sold everything—the clock, the books, even mother's work-box and the parrot. There is nothing left. The child will starve before morning. Oh, what shall I do?"

She arose and went to the window, and looked down into the street. It was dirty and narrow, and swarmed with filthy children. Opposite was a little drinking shop, about which a blind man with a fiddle drew a profitless audience. Nothing sweet, or fresh, or pure met her eye there, but between that scene and herself a sudden breeze blew a beautiful screen, and there was wafted to her through the broken glass an exquisite perfume. On the sill without stood a rose in a broken tea-pot. She had picked up the slip among the rubbish cast out by a neighboring gardener, and it had grown well in its handful of earth. To-day it had bloomed; a perfect rose, exquisite in shape, perfume and color, drooped from the stem, and beside it a half-blown bud gave promise of another flower as lovely.

Until this moment Millicent, in her anxiety, had forgotten her one treasure. But for a gentle shower that had fallen that morning it might have withered where it stood, for she had not even watered it.

Now a bright thought flitted through her mind. She had often seen children selling flowers in the street, and ladies and gentlemen seemed glad to buy them. She would force herself to be courageous. She would go out into the street with this rose and its bud, and some one would give her enough to buy a loaf of bread, or at least a roll for little Jane. She would do it—she would. God would give her strength.

She tied on her hood and wrapped her shawl about her, and plucking the flower and a leaf or two, and that bright bud that seemed perhaps the fairest of the two, bade Jane be good and wait for her, and went down stairs and out from the dingy cross-street into broad Broadway.

There every one save herself seemed gay and happy, and well dressed. She seemed to be a thing apart, a black blot in all this brightness.

She stood at a corner and held out her flower, but it seemed that no one heeded her. At last she gathered courage to touch one of the ladies who passed, and say:

"Buy a rose, lady? buy a rose? Please buy a rose!"

But the woman hurried by as the rest had.

It would not do to stand still. She walked on slowly. Whenever she caught a pleasant eye she held out her tiny bouquet, and repeated her prayer, "Buy a rose? buy a rose?" but the sun was setting, and she was opposite the City Hall Park, and still no one had bought her flower.

She was growing desperate. Some one should buy it. Jane should have bread that night.

"Buy a rose? See! Look at it! See how pretty it is!" she cried, in a voice sharpened by hunger and sorrow. "Look! You don't look at it, or you 'd buy it."

"These street beggars should be suppressed," said the stout man she had addressed. "Young woman, I'll give you in charge if you don't behave yourself."

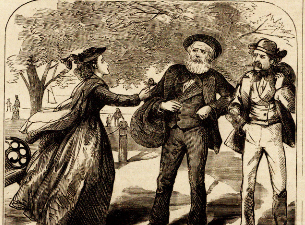
"He don't know; he don't know," said Millicent to herself. "Nobody could guess how poor we are. Oh, what a hard, hard world!"

Then she went on, not daring to speak again; and her rose drooped a little in her fingers, and still no one seemed disposed to buy it.

In her excitement she had walked further than she knew. She was far down Broadway, and before her was the Bowling Green, with its newly trimmed grass plot and its silvery fountain. A little further on, the Battery, newly restored to its pristine glory, and on its benches some blue-bloused emigrants, with round Dutch faces, and their bare-headed wives with woolen petticoats, and little shawls crossed over their bosoms and knotted at the waist.

As they stared about them, it struck the girl that they, fresh from the sea, might be tempted by the fresh sweet rose she held in her hand to spend a few pennies; but when she offered it to them she saw they were more prudent. They only shook their heads solemnly and looked away from her. And this last hope gone, despair seized upon Millicent. She sank down upon a bench and began to weep bitterly.

The twilight was deepening. She was far from home and little Jane. She was faint with weariness and hunger. Beyond the present moment all seemed an utter blank to her. She covered her face with her hands; the rose dropped into her lap unheeded. She cared for it no more. Fate was so much against her that no one would even buy a beautiful flower like that of her.



There were steps; she heeded them not. There were voices; it mattered not to her.

Suddenly some one said:

"What a beautiful rose!"

And the words caught her ear. She looked up. Three or four sea-faring men, with bundles in their hands, were passing by, fresh from the ocean evidently, embrowned with sun and wind, and with the ship's roll still in their gait.

Sailors were always generous. One of these would buy the flower.

She held it out.

"Buy it, please," she whispered faintly. "Please buy this rose."

"I'm glad to get it," said a stout elderly man, slipping forward. "What's the price, my lass? Will that do?"

He tossed three or four foreign looking silver pieces into her lap, and took the flower. Then looking at her very closely, he spoke again:

"What's the trouble, lass? Don't be afeard to tell me. I had a little gal of my own once. She's dead now. Tell me—can I help you?"

Millicent looked up. The man's face was half hidden by his hat, and he was stouter and grayer than her father had been, but she fancied a likeness.

"You have helped me, sir," she said, "buying the rose. Thank you very much. My father was a sailor too; and he was shipwrecked."

"It's a sailor's fate," said the man. "It's time you were getting home, lass. This city is no place for a young girl to be out in after night. But just wait. A sailor's orphan has a claim on a sailor, and my poor little Millicent would have been about your age if she had lived."

"Millicent!" screamed the girl. "Oh, my name is Millicent. I'm frightened. I don't know what to think. You look like him—you. I'm Millicent Blair. My father was Roger Blair. Is it a dream? It can't be true. It *can't* be father!"

But the next instant he had her in his arms, and she knew that the sea had given him back to her.

Wrecked with the vessel, but not lost, he had been cast upon a desert island, whence he escaped, after three weary years, only to find his little home empty.

The widow had left her little cottage to earn her living in the city, and the news of her death had been brought back to her old home by some one who had been in New York when she died, and who had either heard or imagined that he heard that her children were dead also. And the news was told to Roger Blair by kindly people who believed it thoroughly, and he had borne it as best he could, and had sailed the sea again, a weary, heart-broken man.

He had not found all his treasures, but that some were spared was more than he had ever hoped; and the meeting between father and daughter was like that between two arisen from the dead.

And so the rose bush had done more for Millicent than she could have dreampt; and to this day it is the most cherished treasure in the little home where the old man lives with his two daughters; and when, once a month, its blossoms fill the air with their fragrance, they crowd about it as about the shrine of some sainted thing, and whisper:

"But for this we should still be parted."

* * *

THE BLACK RAM.

The following was related to us by an eye-witness:

Years ago Rev. Mr. Burroughs was the Baptist clergyman of Cornish. He was a liberal-minded, large-hearted man, who believed in doing his whole duty, and among his ideas of needed reform the subject of anti-slavery held prominent place. On a certain Sabbath he invited a colored man to deliver an address in his church, whereat several of his parishioners were greatly exasperated. The abolitionism of their pastor had aforetime stirred their indignation, but this, in their opinion, capped the climax.

The Sunday following the advent of the colored speaker was mild and pleasant, and the congregation was quite large. Mr. Burroughs entered the house at his usual time, and upon ascending to the pulpit he found a huge black ram, with legs securely bound, laid upon the platform under the desk. He knew of the wrath of certain of his people, and he comprehended the situation in a moment. Without a word he descended to the broad aisle, and took a seat in the pew of one of his deacons. By and by the congregation had gathered, and the organist played a voluntary. Friends not knowing what was the matter gazed upon their pastor with amazement. Why sat he there? But presently, when the organ was silent, and all in the house was hushed, Mr. Burroughs arose to his feet.

"My friends," he said, with calm dignity, "I am aware that certain members of my parish oppose me in some of my ideas touching the duty of the pulpit in national affairs; and I am also aware that a few—I trust a *very* few—have regarded certain acts of mine with feelings of hatred and animosity. I was not aware, however, until this time, that they had gone so far as to supplant me in my pulpit by a representative after their own hearts and instincts. I find my pulpit occupied by the choice of my opponents, and I will not disturb them in their devotions at the shrine of the idol which they have thus set up. You and I, my true friends, will adjourn to the village green, where I will preach to you; *and the worshippers of the Beast may have the church for this occasion to themselves.*"

The congregation were ere long assembled beneath the shade of the great elms upon the green, whither the clergyman had led the way, but not, however, until they had all learned how and by whom the pulpit had been occupied.

It may be needless to add that no worshippers were left in the church, though we may add, that thenceforth those opposed to Mr. Burroughs' anti-slavery sentiments gave him little trouble. He had proved himself master of the situation.

C.

* * *

SCIENCE.

Zöllner's theory of comets was severely though indirectly criticised by Sir William Thomson, in one of the debates of the British Association, at the recent Brighton meeting. It reminded him forcibly of a discussion which took place at a meeting of workmen at Millwall. One of them brought forward a glass tube, drew an iron wire through it, and laid it down, and after a few minutes the glass tube cracked. This is a curious phenomenon, and not easily explained. A discussion took place as to its cause, and many explanations were proposed; but the conclusion finally adopted was that it was electrical. The reference of everything unknown to electricity as a cause is the foundation of Zöllner's theory.

There is a growing tendency among scientific men to trace a connection between the spots on the sun and various earthly phenomena, such as excessive disturbances of climate, volcanic outbursts, earthquakes, and the prevalence of epidemic diseases. The maximum frequency of sun-spots occurs at regular periods, between eleven and twelve years apart. Thus it fell in the years 1848 and 1860, and falls also in the present year, 1872. A writer in *Nature* calls attention to the fact that great national epidemics occurred in the two former years, and that the potato disease in Ireland and the vine disease in France and Portugal are now devastating those countries respectively.

The theft of the large object-glass of the equatorial telescope at Allegheny Observatory, Pittsburgh, Pa., in July last, is the subject of a letter to the last number of *Silliman's Journal* from Mr. S. P. Langley, director of the observatory, in which he expresses the belief that it was stolen with the object of extorting a large reward for its return. The glass is thirteen inches in aperture, and of great value to the institution, but totally worthless to the thieves. The director has declined to offer a reward and immunity from punishment as the price of its return, fearing that if he does so it will encourage a similar spoliation of other observatories.

The animals of the ancient world were, for the most part, much larger than existing animals of the same types. There are, however, some remarkable exceptions. An immense accumulation of the bones of fossil whales has been found in excavations near Antwerp, in Belgium, so extensive that Professor Flower, the distinguished comparative anatomist, calls the locality a perfect burial ground of whales. These primitive whales are all of small size, smaller than any existing species save one. Another exception is the dwarf fossil elephant found in the island of Malta.

Mr. A. W. Hayne, who made a botanical exploration of the scriptural land of Moab, from the beginning of February to the middle of March, read a paper on the flora of that country, at the meeting of the British Association. He found two hundred and fifty plants. The eastern shore of the Dead Sea is much the most fertile region which he visited, from the greater abundance of springs. The date-palm is of frequent occurrence there, while on the western coast only a single clump—near Jericho—is found.

The defective ventilation of metalliferous mines in Great Britain is such that Dr. Angus Smith found what may be called a normal atmosphere in only eleven per cent. of the 339 localities from which he obtained specimens of air for analysis. He says, "The state of these mines must exceed all that we who live above ground can comprehend. We enter gradually, and cannot very well judge; if we leapt from the pure air into a close end in an instant, we should recoil with horror."

The discovery of silver in England is thus announced in Hardwicke's *Science Gossip*: "Three weeks ago some workmen were excavating and forming a reservoir for the water-works at Moulsey, in Surrey, when about thirty feet below the surface, they discovered a quantity of silver ore. A specimen of the quartz shown to me appeared to be richly impregnated, the ore running in large veins."

The danger which he attributes to the combined use of morphia and chloroform in surgical operations, has led M. Demarquay of the French Academy of Sciences, to devise an improvement of the apparatus for the administration of chloroform alone. It consists of a wire frame covered with a mask of flannel, on which the chloroform is slowly dropped.

Captain Richard F. Burton, the distinguished traveller, has just returned from a journey of exploration to the unknown interior of Iceland, whence he brings a valuable collection of bones and ancient implements discovered there. He now goes to Trieste, on the Adriatic, as British consul.

The subterranean noises which preceded or accompanied the Owens Valley earthquake in California last March, are ascribed by Prof. J. D. Whitney, the State geologist, to the cracking and grinding of the rocks under tension, rather than to the explosion of detonating gases.

The colors displayed by the bands of the planet Jupiter are attributed by Dr. Cipoletti of Florence to an auroral cause, which extends from the sun to the earth and other members of the planetary system.

"Cooking and its Science" is announced as one of the classes to be included in the English International Exhibition for 1873.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. (St. Louis) tells the simple story of his love as follows: "Two years ago I got slightly acquainted with a young lady. After that I lost sight of her till a year ago, when our acquaintance was renewed, and after that we met often, until last November, when she was called home. Then she gave me an invitation to call at her home in the country. I did so; and then we commenced corresponding: and what from calling, seeing her whenever she was in the city, and corresponding, I fell in love with her. She assured me that affection was reciprocated. I requested permission to ask her father's consent to our engagement. She said, 'Not yet—wait a while.' Once I wrote an account of our friendship, from the beginning up to that time, similar to the story published in the *Ledger*, 'Mark and Gay;' and when I handed it to her to read, I asked her if *our* story would end the same. She replied that she hoped so. I had stated that I would not get married this year. About a month ago she wrote me that her father objected. I asked for an explanation; but she has given none. It cost me from six to eight dollars every visit I made to her in the country, for I had to hire a buggy or barouche. I do not care so much for the money, but I love her to distraction. Don't you think I had better have my letters back, and pictures?" We suspect it is not the young lady's father so much as herself who objects. Some "nice young man" has happened in who *does* wish to get married this year. The next time you have a trout on your hook you will not, probably, wait till the pretty fish lets go. As for your letters, we do not see of what use they would be to you. You would not wish to send them to your next flame. If you should get your pictures back you would be expected to return hers, and as you are not likely to have the author, if you love her so distractedly, possibly her letters may afford some consolation to you. You have derived so much pleasure from her society that you ought to consider the cost of your visits well expended. She has probably concluded that you are such a "slow coach" yourself, she will save you the trouble of hiring any more carriages at the livery. Next time be a little more lively, and although you have not got her, you may get somebody else. You will recover. The love disease is like the horse distemper—very prevalent, but seldom fatal.

Perplexed (Kansas, Ill.) says: "Am a school-teacher. Came to this village last year. Am of a respectable family. Last winter, at a 'singing,' was introduced to a young man whom I had heard highly spoken of as industrious and saving. He called upon me a few times, and I went with him to one or two places of amusement, much to the discomfort of all the Mr. and Mrs. Grundys of this locality, and several have kindly furnished me with a genealogy of his family, a branch of which—not his own—had negro blood in their veins. This young man's family have always tried to be respectable, and I find him to be polite and intelligent, more than can be said about the most of the young men here. I spent my vacation at home, and upon coming back, find the gentleman still desirous of calling upon me. I do not know what to do, and want your advice. Would you allow him to continue to call, were you in my place? I have always maintained that the person who tried to do right should be respected, even though his family was not respectable. Yet this is an extreme case; one harder to understand the solution of, than a proposition in geometry. I would not continue to go with him if I thought I was committing an impropriety, or that my reputation for respectability would be injured. I have no stronger feeling than friendship for him. Please reply promptly in the *Ledger*." If the young man is in himself respectable, and deserving of your esteem and confidence, it is hard that he should suffer for indiscretion, or peculiarity of taste in some other branch of his family. Who of us can be held responsible for all our relations and "collaterals?"

J. E. (Amherst) is exercised as to whose place it is to put the wedding ring on the bride's finger, when a person is married; if the groom's, when it should be done; and if it is customary to kiss the bride right away after the ceremony; and further, he intends to take the *Ledger* as long as he can read. To take a wife and take the *Ledger* both for life is a wise course toward a long and useful career, and we are happy to co-operate in ever so humble a way. Know then that an Episcopal minister takes the ring in his hand and gives it to "the man to put it on the fourth finger of the woman's left hand." So it is written down in our Book of Common Prayer. The non-Episcopal ministers do not usually make the ring a part of the marriage service, but occasionally indulge the young people with it as a harmless custom, and direct the man to put it on the lady's hand after the words of union. In private houses, the groom kisses the bride "right away"—that is, after the conclusion of the service—and indeed, so does almost everybody else. When the service is in church, this pleasant exercise is usually postponed till the parlor is reached.

Request (Georgetown, D. C.) says: "I am a book-keeper on a salary of $1,200 a year; have the full confidence of my employers, and their promise of advancement; yet having no home, literally speaking, am inclined to be wild, but feel every day that if I were married to some lady of congenial tastes I would be happy, and devoted to her and home comforts. I know such an one, and believe I could marry her. I ask, would you advise me to marry her upon this salary, or await this future or prospective advancement? I think my marriage would enhance my worth in the eyes of my employers." You say you are wild, or inclined to be so. Is the lady wild too, for you describe her as of *congenial* tastes? If so, we cannot advise you to marry till you both get wisdom. But if you are sorry for your *tendencies*, and mean in a true way to resist them, and the lady has good sense, a firm character, and your real love, and will have you, we advise you to marry, and doing your duty to God and man, trust to divine Providence to carry you through.

Clifton (New York) says: "Please inform, through your answers to correspondents, one of the many admirers of your valuable paper, whether you think it improper, or at all indelicate, to say, in speaking of a piece of statuary in the presence of ladies, 'The legs are not in proportion with the remainder of the body.'" We presume the limbs of the statue are, or have been under the eyes of the ladies in question, since they are the subject of criticism. It is certain that ladies can endure a good deal of nude representation, if we may judge from the specimens seen in parlors, and if they can tolerate the real thing, it seems unreasonable to be fastidious about the natural word that describes it. At the same time, in these days it might be well before using it to look around. If the lady were present who was carried fainting from a public meeting, when the speaker proposed to bring out *the naked truth*, it would be hard to forecast the consequences.

A Troubled Young Man, (Maryland) writes: "I am twenty years of age; I love a young lady who is one year my junior. We are perfectly devoted to each other, but her family is looked down upon for this reason, that some of her relatives have acted very wrong; but she is as pure as a human being can be. Now some of my relatives are opposed to my marrying her; they say I am stooping below my equals. I love her devotedly." The young lady is not responsible for any one's conduct but her own, except so far as her influence over them may extend. If you are both patient, prudent and persevering, we trust you may be able to overcome the opposition. The worst of wrong-doing is that the innocent often suffer in consequence of it more than the guilty.

M. H. S. says: "I am a young man, twenty-one years of age, and I take a great interest in politics, and my greatest ambition is to become a politician, not a small 'pot-house' one, but one who is acquainted with all kinds of politics relating to this country, and I write to you, asking your advice what books and other matter I should read to become what I want to be. By doing so, you will oblige me very much." The history of the United States—Bancroft's—and such works of the great lawyers and leaders of all sides, such as Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Story, as you can find, will give you the information you want as to the past, and high-class newspapers and reviews—outside election times—will tell you the main facts as to the present.

P. writes: "Six months ago I became acquainted with a young lady, and until recently enjoyed her society. One afternoon, a few weeks ago, we parted on the best of terms. Meeting her a few days after, she merely recognized me with a very polite bow. I have met her several times since, and she treats me with the same cool politeness, merely bowing and passing on. As I gave her no reason for such conduct, I feel very much hurt, and want your advice as to what I had better do. I do not feel like going to her and demanding an explanation." We should think you would feel just like doing that; but if you don't, you had better stay away.

A Reader (Kingston) says: "In the *Ledger* dated September 28th I find the word *Mephistophelean*. It occurs in the story written by Mrs. Harriet Lewis. As I could not find it in the dictionary, I come to you for a definition. Will you please be so kind as to inform me, through Notices in your paper, the correct meaning of the word?" Mephistopheles is one of the seven chief fallen spirits of the old fanciful demonology, and has been made a character in Goethe's Faust, and Marlowe's Faustus; from him the adjective is formed, as we say "Shakesperean," and usually means cool, selfish, scheming, diabolical.

J. B. (Boston) says: "Please answer in the *Ledger* the following questions: 1. What relationship exists between my first cousin's child and myself? 2. What relationship exists between the children of own cousins? 3. What are 'cousins-german?' An early reply to the above will much oblige." 1. You would describe your cousin's child as your first cousin once removed. 2. They are second cousins. 3. Cousins-german are the children of brothers and sisters, or "full cousins."

P. E. G. (Waverly, Iowa) asks: "1. Should a gentleman, in passing a lady, pass on the outside of the walk? 2. Is it improper for a gentleman to ask a lady for her company home, when he don't know where she resides?" 1. He should pass on the outside. 2. Under ordinary circumstances it would be impertinent in the extreme to offer to accompany a lady home of whom you know so little as to be ignorant of her place of residence.

O. K. wants to know "where it is best to enlist in the standing army. Do those that enlist go for a certain number of years, or for as many as they like?" The term of enlistment, as regulated by section four of the Act of March 3, 1869, is five years. There are recruiting agencies in almost all of the large cities, and the place where you enlist will not affect your future movements.

Wilson (Jersey City) asks: "If a lady under age, having a guardian, should marry, can her husband become her guardian? Please answer through your paper." A guardian is bound to execute the trusts named in the will that empowers him. If the will sets him free on the marriage of his ward, of course her husband can be her guardian, if she will let him.

Reader (Philadelphia) asks: "Will you please tell me whether it takes more than one horse to constitute a team?" Yes, technically, it takes two or more. But we have one horse which constitutes a "team" more to our liking than many a half-dozen of the common kind would.

Book-keeper says: "I write to you for advice, and trust you will reply through your answers to correspondents at your earliest convenience. I am twenty-one years of age, my business a book-keeper, getting a moderate salary. My earnings are expended paying house rent and supporting my mother and three younger sisters, and to-day have not one cent that I can call my own. Have been working at the desk since I was twelve years old, and have only a business education. I want to make use of my evenings in some useful study that would help some day to gain me a better living than clerking. Would like to study law, but am no speaker; my judgment is good, but my language is 'plain every-day talk,' not being overstocked with 'Webster.' Can write my thoughts better than orally express them. I do not think I am too old to learn a profession, and do not regret that my younger days were spent working for that hard-earned dollar that kept bread to my family. As I am, I cannot learn a trade, as an apprentice's wages are too small for my family to live on, much though I would like it. I know it is hard for you to give me advice, not knowing what my abilities are, but would say I am apt to learn. What study should I take up, and what books will I have to get? Your answer will be anxiously looked for, and I will be ever grateful for your advice in this matter." Well done, young man! Go on as you have begun, and there is no fear of you. If you can find time to study law, make the acquaintance of a practical lawyer, who will tell you what you had better do, as regulations vary in the States. Do not be afraid about volubility. Many successful lawyers are not talkers. In fact, interminable fluency is one of the curses of the age. Out of every "empty barrel" you can get a noisy "oration." Have an idea, and say it in the clearest and fewest words possible, and you will, other things equal, hold your own anywhere.

Perplexity (Philadelphia) says: "Having received some good advice from you already, I apply once more. Last winter a young lady of my acquaintance was engaged to a gentleman, but in the latter part of the winter he died. Since then I have been visiting her, and I now love her as dearly as it is possible for a person to love, and I thought from her actions that she returned my love, so I asked her the other evening; but she says that she does not care for me more than as a friend, yet she wishes me to continue calling as a friend. She says it would not be right for her to love any one so soon, that she does not want to love any one yet, and so on. Now I do not know what to make of her. She talks in that way, and yet her actions do not agree with her talk. I told her I would wait any length of time if she would only give me some encouragement; but she would say nothing but what I have told you. She told me she did not like any other young man better than she did me. Now what do you think of her, and what would you advise me to do? Please answer in your next paper if possible." We advise you to continue your calls, and to persuade the young lady to promise that when she *does* begin to love, which of course will not be till it is quite proper, she will love you and you only.

Ignoramus says: "I have attended a small church for about nine months, and by this time have become slightly acquainted with the minister and some of the male members. I am in the habit of seeing a young lady there to whom I am very desirous of being introduced, but have had no opportunity as yet, and, 'as it was in the beginning, is now,' and, for aught I know, 'ever will be,' except you will be kind enough to suggest some plan by which I could procure an introduction that would appear natural, and not as if by request. I think I know how to manage afterward, but the introduction!" We cannot help you; and if you have attended the "small church" with the view of that introduction, we can hardly help counting it one of the meanest, though possibly one of the commonest of the abuses to which a church is subjected. The most selfish and designing attach themselves to "a small church" for their own purposes; and when they appear in their true character, the small church is held accountable, though no more responsible for them than the good ship for the pitiful barnacle that sticks to her side. You may be quite honest in this matter, your desire having sprung up in consequence of your going to church in the legitimate way. If so, we hope you will in course of time obtain a "natural" introduction.

Sister says: "I come to you, as many others do, for advice. I have a sister about two years my senior, making her sixteen. Our parents residing in the country, and wishing us to have a thorough English education, besides French and Latin, board us with some friends. My sister has become acquainted with a young man, and likes him very much. He is not rich, nor has he any employment. He is also lazy, and does not try to get a situation. I have often told her I do not like him, and so have her friends, but she laughs at them. She knows just how he is situated, but she says she does not care. He is also very quick tempered. I feel very bad, but know not what to do, as she will not let me write to our parents. Please answer as soon as possible." If your sister contemplates marrying the lazy, shiftless young man to whom you refer, without letting your parents know anything about it, you should at once write to them, and tell them the truth.

Uncertainty says: "My case is this: I have been married nearly a dozen years, and have four children. I recently discovered that my husband has now, and had at the time he married me, another wife living; but he has never seen her since we were married. That being so, am I his wife? Could I be held answerable for bigamy if I now left him and contracted another marriage? Would such a marriage be a legal one?" If your husband actually had a wife living when he married you, he committed bigamy, and your marriage is null and void. But in bringing about a separation, and especially in contracting another marriage, you should act with the utmost caution, and only upon positive proof. Does your husband admit that he had a lawful wife living when he married you? And if he does not admit it, what proof have you of the fact? It will not do to proceed, in such a weighty matter, on mere rumor or gossip.

L. (Huntsville, Ala.) says: "I write you a request. The parties—all readers of your paper—are willing to abide your decision on a disputed question. Please answer as specifically as you can, giving references, etc. The question is this: Mr. M. Malone was born on the 2d day of January, A. D. 1800. Was he born in the eighteenth or nineteenth century?" A century is a period of one hundred years. The first century was not complete till the end of the one hundredth year, nor the second, nor the eighteenth. So Mr. Malone, strictly speaking, is a product of the last century. It may be true that this distinction has not always been noticed; but that is only to say that all men have not been so acute as some of your friends at Huntsville. We have not looked up authorities on this point: there may not be any. But when there is no good precedent, the right thing is to make one.

Hunt (Taunton, Mass.) says: "I thought I saw, in your answers to correspondents, in one of the August numbers of the *Ledger*, that there was no law prohibiting a candidate to serve more than two terms as President of the United States, provided the people should choose to continue to re-elect him for a number of terms. A shopmate of mine asserts that there is a law prohibiting a man from serving more than two terms, and that he has it as the opinion of two lawyers. As I cannot produce the number of the *Ledger* referred to, by answering this in your Notices to Correspondents, you will greatly oblige me." Your friend and his two lawyers are mistaken. If the people should choose to re-elect any one President, term after term, as long as he lived, there is nothing in either the Constitution or the laws of the United States to prevent them from doing so.

M. C. (Manestee, Mich.) writes: "I have taken the *Ledger* over fifteen years. I come to you for the first time. My case is this: I had a brother, two years old, that went to New York with my mother, to join my step-father, who afterward left her and child. My brother's name was William Carroll. I heard that my mother died eight or ten years ago, and that the little boy started to the West to try to find us. We never heard from him. I have written several times, but got no answer, to several parties in the State of New York, to try to find him. I think he would be about twenty years old now. There are six sisters of us. We would feel so much obliged to you to help us find him. I shall watch the *Ledger* for this." It is possible, if your brother be living, that he will see this, and write to you. We publish your communication with that view.

Elizabeth says: "I have been keeping company with a young gentleman, residing in the same place where I live, for nearly two years, and love him dearly. He has never asked me to be his wife; yet he has never waited on any other lady since he has been coming to see me. He says he never loved any one but me. He is thought a great deal of by my friends. What I want to know is, would it be proper for me to let him continue his visits; or in what way can I find out his intentions? For I love him alone, and can hardly endure to be parted from him." Two years is long enough for him to make up his mind in, and he has no right to monopolize the society of a young lady for that length of time unless he intends to marry her. You might as well come to an understanding with him.

W. S. B. (Fort Macon, N. C.) writes: "I am a young man of fair acquirements and intelligence, but I have the misfortune at the present time to be enlisted in the army. I have become very much enamored with a young lady residing in a neighboring town. She says that she is pleased with my personal appearance, manners and company, but objects to my attentions on the ground that she does not like to be seen in company with a soldier. Now, will you be kind enough to advise me what to do? How shall I proceed to overcome her prejudices to the uniform?" We do not think that a lady who has not patriotism enough to be prejudiced in favor of the national uniform, instead of against it, is worth a soldier's having.

O. (North Carolina) writes: "I am eighteen years old, and have been a clerk in a dry-goods house about four years, on a moderate salary, of which I have been able to lay up but little. During the past summer I had the honor of being one of the invited guests among a party visiting one of the Thousand Isles. I fell in love with a charming young lady, whose social standing, in short, is far above mine. I would like to ask you if it would be prudent for me to marry her, if she would accept me, as I am going into the dry goods business in a few weeks as a junior partner." We do not see why not, if your prospects are good.

M. wishes information in regard to the custom of eating philopena. The word is supposed to be derived from two Greek words, signifying "a friend" and "penalty." The way that we have known it practiced is as follows: Suppose, in company with a lady, you are eating almonds; you come across one with two meats; you hand her one to eat, the other you eat yourself. The next time you two meet, the one who says "*Philopena*" first is entitled to a present from the other—something, of course, of a trifling character.

Minnie and Annie (Pleasant Hill) say: "We are two school-girls in great trouble, and come to you for advice. Do you think it wrong for us to play eavesdroppers when our sisters are entertaining their sweethearts in the parlor? Please decide in our favor, as our mother intends to punish us." Very sorry, but we side with mother.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*